9 06663 873 3

No. CS 71 .P927 1926

MICHIGAN STATE BOARD
CERTIFICATE 3087
IN
CIVIL ENGINEERING

WILLARD J. PRENTICE
REGISTERED
PROFESSIONAL ENGINEER
1727 EAST 35TH
BALTIMORE 18, MARYLAND

1 May 1948

To Members and Friends of the Prentice Family:-

About a year and a half ago, the first copies of JOSHUA PRENTICE--HIS ANCESTORS AND DESCENDANTS were mailed to parties whom the writer thought might have an interest in such a genealogy. After the distribution had been made, several errors were discovered; and the principal purpose of Supplement No. 1, a copy of which is inclosed, is to correct these errors. However, considerable additional data relating to various members and branches of the Prentice family collected during recent months have also been included in this supplement. No excuse is offered for including some branches and neglecting others, except that preparation of a complete genealogy would be a project far beyond the present writer's time or means. Those persons whose lineages have been included in this comparatively brief supplement were selected either because they are men of note who bear the family name or because they were especially helpful to the writer in collecting genealogical data or both.

Contrary to popular belief, the writer found nothing in the records of his Colonial ancestors which he deemed necessary to conceal. The proverbial horse thief or pirate did not appear. True, not all the Prentices were such civic leaders as Henry and Capt. Thomas. For example, Stephen, 1744-1831, (p. 91) moved to Malden, Mass., without "approbation" of the Selectmen, and as a result he received the following "Warnings-Out":

> "16 April 1773 Samuel Waitt, constable, warned Stephen Prentice & Mary, his wife, who came from Charlestown 18 April last to take their daughters Mary & Ruth Teal Prentice and depart."
> (New England Hist. & Gen. Register, Vol. 92)

But even though Stephen may have been considered a vagrant, his granddaughter Narcissa turned out to be a heroine of undying fame. As one of the first two white women to cross the American continent, she has brought honor and respect to the family name. It is hoped that everyone receiving this supplement will take time to read the diary she kept during her hazardous cross-country trip (pp. 91-123).

This supplement is referenced throughout to the original genealogy and is of little value unless the one is used in conjunction with the other. It is hoped, therefore, that all recipients will file the two together.

3383

Very Sincerely,

Willard J. Prentice

1 Incl.

AS YOU DID NOT RECEIVE A COPY OF THE ORIGINAL GENEALOGY, IT HAS BEEN COMBINED UNDER ONE COVER WITH THE SUPPLEMENT AND IS INCLOSED.

W. J. P.

051

Joshua Bentley

HIS ANCESTORS AND DESCENDANTS

BY
[illegible]

FIRST EDITION
1941

*CS 71
-P927
1942

Copyright, 1942, by
Willard J. Frontier

All rights reserved

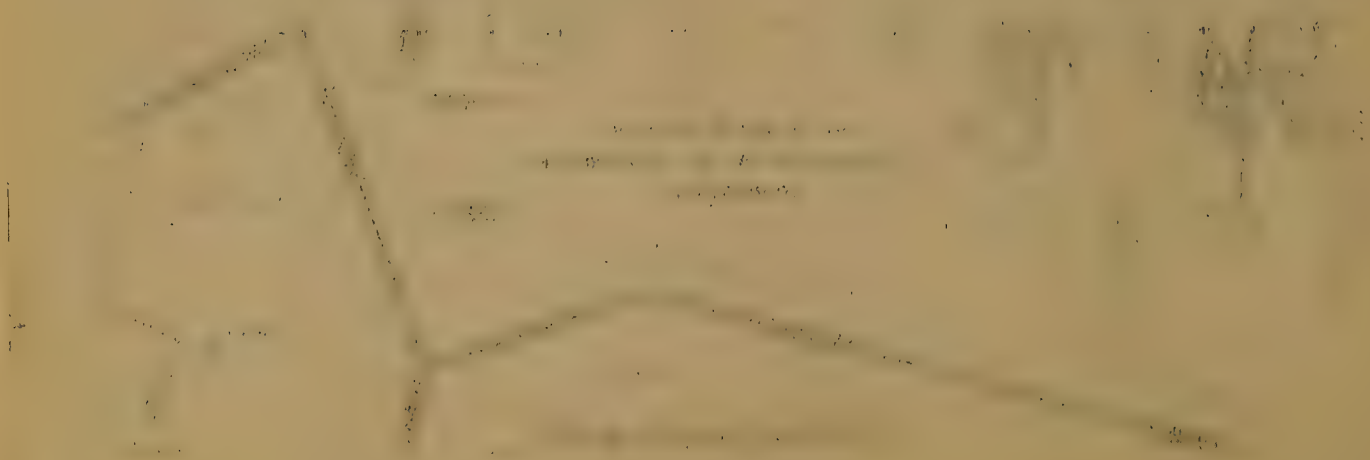
Correspondence to the J. C. A. Co.
Willard J. Frontier
[illegible]
Baltimore 18, Maryland

Dec. 24, 1942
301

M.L.C. I/22/54

*

APPROX. SITE OF ORIGINAL SAMUEL PRENTICE, SR. HOME
CEMETERY
Prentice Mtn
Avery Pond
Pendleton Hill
NORTH STONINGTON
Wintechog Hill
STONINGTON
Quiambaug Hill
MINER RATHBUN
MYSTIC HARBOR
MASON ISLAND
STONINGTON HARBOR
Stonington
Stonington Pt
Mason Pt
Morgan Pt
Lords Pt
Wamphassuck Pt
Sandy Pt
WESTERLY
LITTLE NARRAGANSETT BAY
FISHERS ISLAND SOUND
MAP OF PART OF TOWNS OF
STONINGTON & NO. STONINGTON
CONNECTICUT



nov.

NEW HARBOR CONSTRUCTED BY U S ARMY ENGINEERS OPENED 1906
GOSHORN LAKE
31
U S
LAKETOWN TWP 4N
SAUGATUCK TWP 3N
E
MILWAUKEE 90 Miles
CHICAGO 90 Miles
OLD HARBOR
SAUG BEACH
SAUGATUCK
Pop 626
R 16 W
R 15 W
NEW
DOUGLAS BEACH
DOUGLAS
Pop 426
KALAMAZOO RIVER
SAUGATUCK MANLIUS
Prentice
Reagan
Pshaw
US 31
LAKE MICHIGAN
SAUGATUCK TWP 3N
GANGES TWP 2N
M 89
FENNVILLE
Pop 643
HUTCHINS LAKE
42° 35'
42° 33'
GANGES
Pop 50
86° 10'
50 HAVEN 10 Miles

Lucy (Fitch)

Lucy (Fitch)

Lucy

Harry

/2

chapman

SECTION [illegible]

PART I

[illegible]

[illegible]

I. [illegible], born [illegible] Mar. [illegible], died [illegible] Mar. [illegible].

II. [illegible], [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

III. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

IV. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

For the benefit of those not familiar with heraldic terms, the following definitions are given:

[illegible]

argent. Silver.

[illegible]

proper. In its natural colour.

[illegible]

[illegible] College of Arms, Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.

August: 1th 1689:

To the Hon.ble Govr: and Councill:

And please yor Hon.rs having received ordr from you wth my troop: to Bristoll to move in order to receive Sr Edmond Andros from the Gent men at Rhod Island from Roxbury abt 3 of the clock we moved away to Mr Woodcoks on wednsday to Bristoll Just after noone; comming to Rhod Island one day the councill being discoursed wth much civilitie they delivered Sr Edmond and wth a passag boate sent us to Bristoll. And Sr Edmond complaining of indisposition of body to ride either swift or far together our returne will not be so speedy as yor Hon.rs may Expect the Gent. of Bristoll favoured us wth their advice and company to Rhod Island ~~[illegible]~~ please yor Hon.rs It is requested by Sr Edmond and requested by the forenamed Gentlemen that Sr Edmond might be conveyed by ~~Dorchester~~ [illegible] if yor Hon.rs please there to Receive him and Upon our aproach towards Boston we will give you an account thereof for suitable oppertunitie for ye guarding him to forsd place: the being in hast and for oppertunitie of sending ~~[illegible]~~ I subscribe

Yor Hon.rs

Humble servt
Thomas Prentis
Capt

APPENDIX A

DESCENDANTS OF [illegible]

The above family originated from [illegible] Germany, [illegible], in early 1800. [illegible] of [illegible] Mennonite [illegible], via [illegible] Pennsylvania [illegible], and the following:

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

The following diary was written by Elizabeth Brown on the voyage from Scotland to the United States. The original copy of the diary is in the possession of Mrs. Grace Brown Cutler, county superintendent of schools for Lebanon county, Pennsylvania, who is a daughter of Martha Allen Brown Illsley of the preceding page and family 4. (Cook) Brown.

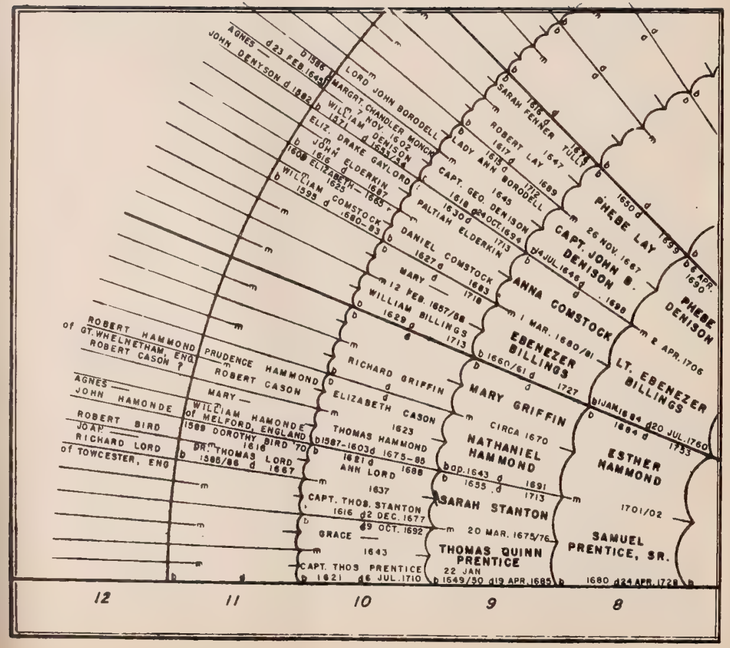
Voyage from Scotland to the United States

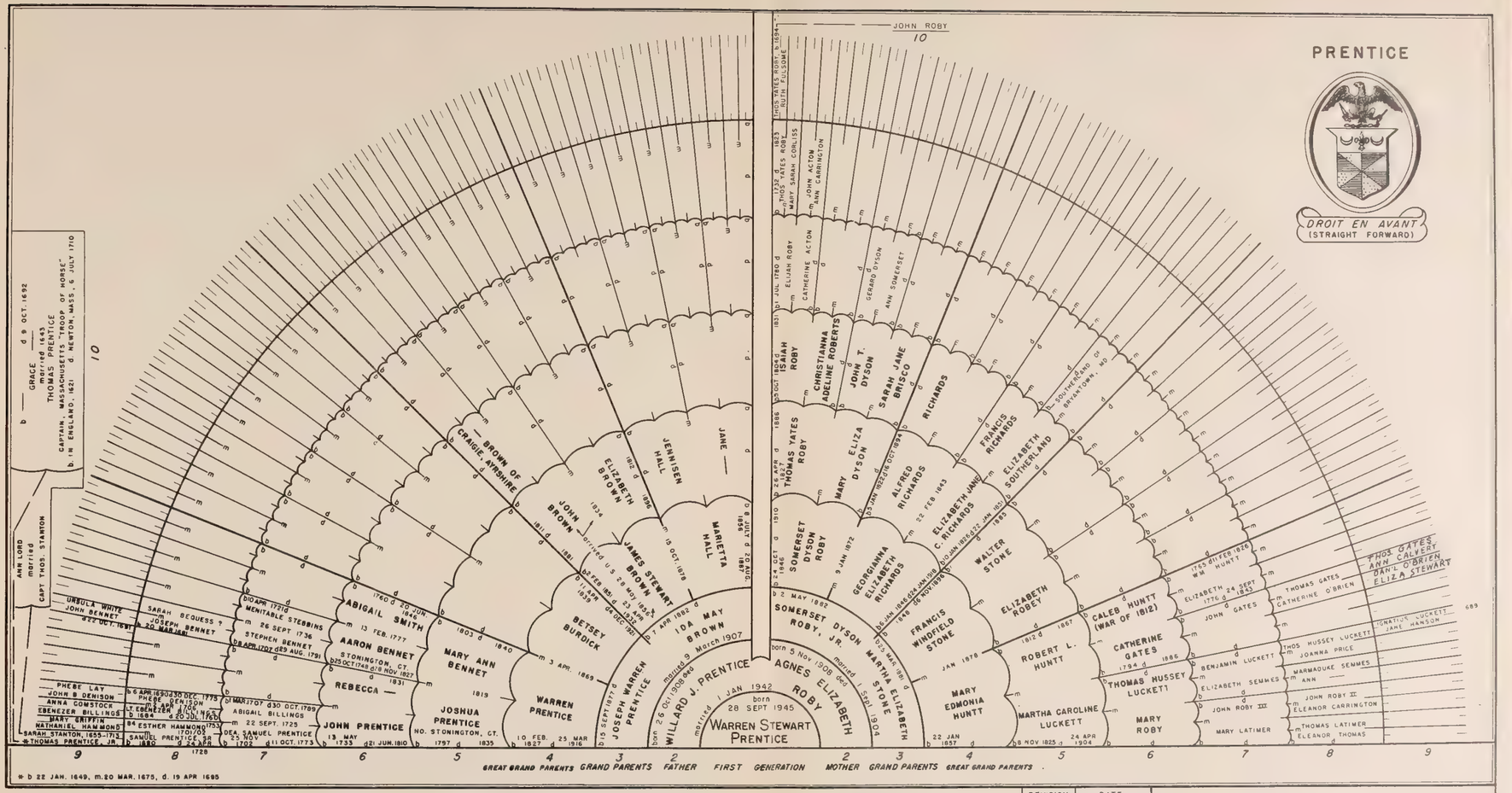
April 18--We sailed from Glasgow to Liverpool at the late hour of three o'clock in the afternoon. The tug was not very much used of the people else and Margaret & Paul Cook and my family were the last. The Captain & officers welcomed us aboard. The mail was just opened; also parcels. It was time the steerage of ship was towards the Ocean. I found it rather steep myself. We started all right with the tide, and passed by pretty shipping which I will not forget.

April 19--We were awoke early and called to breakfast about 7 o'clock (Sunday). We tried to get our baggage together in the meantime, but in a perfect mess & trouble; almost between life and one of the sailors, which would be very unfortunate for us. Our cabin was a three. Captain will have table-cloth. Tuesday and Thursday, meals are different. Tuesday we could scarcely do anything else than lie still or sleep and--ship was pitching, it was rather unpleasant to be sea sick. Wednesday we were a very pleasant part of the after noon, and it was rather amusing to see the ship, how it was pitching and rolling. Saturday we had the pleasure to get our dinner although we have also nothing of the day.

Tuesday 20--The ship left Liverpool about the middle of the morning, and about 12 o'clock from our left eye of Wales. Every part was receding from our sight. The coast ship continued her course up the Channel. The shore of England appears very low and flat. However, on the starboard we could behold, not at the mouth of Severn many beautiful Cliffs can be beheld. During the day the winds of the passengers had to attend their meals two times at once or twenty, and the next time was still worse. Many times we had to stand several hours. A great deal of sleeping. Today the Pacific and other large vessels to be very steady and looking to stay at its right, and it will take that ship many to ship at sea--a very pretty sight.

Wednesday 21--Was not entirely disagreeable, and we were writing on the old deck. The good ship the Pacific still goes and dashes on it for a match. The passengers were busy in good health and spirits. The sea is still rough and a little sick.





* b 22 JAN. 1649, m. 20 MAR. 1675, d. 19 APR 1695

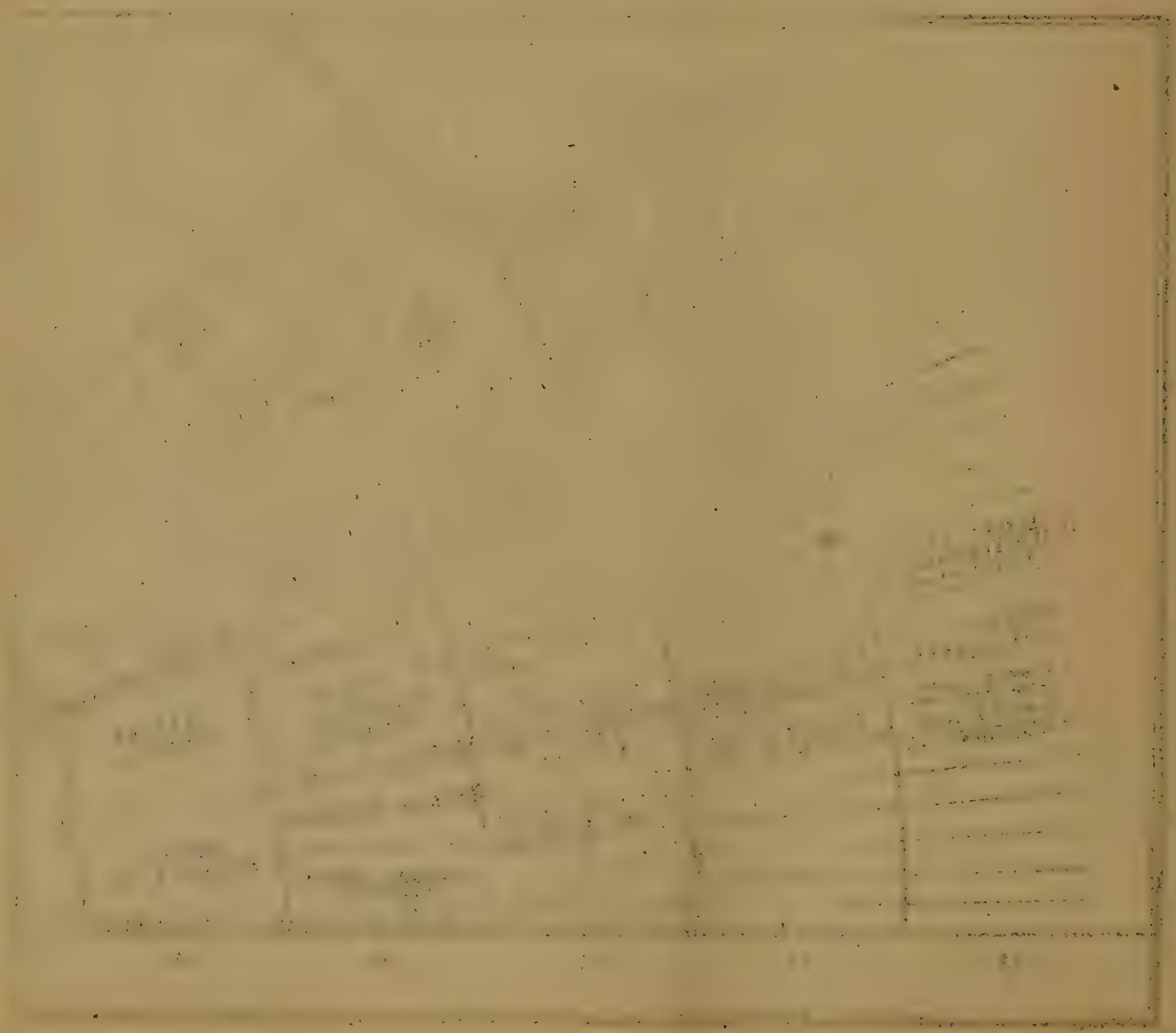
NOTE: UNDER THE OLD CALENDAR SYSTEM, THE NEW YEAR BEGAN ON 25 MARCH. THE LAST YEAR THIS SYSTEM WAS USED IN AMERICA WAS 1752. ANY DATES BETWEEN 1 JAN. AND 24 MAR. (UP TO AND INCL. 1752) CAN BE CONVERTED TO THE NEW SYSTEM BY ADDING ONE YEAR. ON THIS CHART SUCH DATES ARE WRITTEN — 22 JAN. 1649/50.

REVISION	DATE
NO 1	1 MAY 1946

FAMILY TREE
OF
WARREN STEWART PRENTICE

DRAWN BY: W.J.P. CHECKED BY E.R.H.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND 3 MARCH 1946



SUPPLEMENT NO. 1

TO

JOSHUA PRENTICE--
HIS ANCESTORS
AND DESCENDANTS

BY

WILLARD J. PRENTICE
1717 East 25th
BALTIMORE 18, MARYLAND

Copyright, 1948, by
WILLARD J. PRENTICE

JOSHUA PRENTICE--

HIS ANCESTORS

AND DESCENDANTS

by

Willard J. Prentice

SUPPLEMENT NO. 1

May 1948

A. Errata

Page 8, paragraph 4, line 5, change date from May 1938 to May 1838

Page 7: The eleventh line of Capt. Prentice's letter should read, "our return will not be so speedy as your Honors may expect." An examination of the photostat of the original letter on page 46 indicated that this line had been incorrectly copied on page 414 of the second edition of Binney's HISTORY and GENEALOGY of the PRENTICE FAMILY.

Page 11, I. THOMAS[2], delete sentence, "He married, first," etc., and correct next sentence to read, "He married ELIZABETH, dau. of Deacon Edward Jackson, Jr., of Newton." It was not this Thomas Prentice who married Maria Russell. See HISTORY of CAMBRIDGE by Paige.

Page 19: Change date of birth of MARY ANN[7] PRENTICE to 13 November 1830. Binney gives October, but family Bible and gravestone have November.

Page 20, MARY ANN[7] PRENTICE: After "Died 8 June 1902" add: "while visiting her brother, Warren, and buried at Douglas, Michigan."

Page 28:

II. CHARLES CORTISER[8] PRENTICE: Real name "Charles Cortiser" but known as "Carl." In third, ninth, and last lines of the paragraph, correct spelling of "LaCrosse."

III. MARY PRENTICE: Change second sentence to read, "She married, first, Dec. 1907, ROSCOE JOHNSON," etc. In fifth line correct spelling of "REDMOND."

Page 30, part IV, lines 1 and 2, change "Phebe E. (Denison)" to "Lucy Smith (Fitch)."

Page 31, in the first line of part V and also first line of part VI change "Phebe E. (Denison)" to "Lucy Smith (Fitch)."

Page 32, part I, in "III. HENRY COMSTOCK RATHBUN," change "HENRY" to "HARRY." In "IV. GENEVRA EVELINE RATHBUN," change year of birth from "1887" to "1882." Add: Married Arthur Black, who died 2[illegible] Dec. 1946.

Page 33, part V, line 10, change "1840 and 1850" to "1740 and 1750."

Page 35, part VI, change family name of children from "RATHBUN" to "CHAPMAN."

Page 38, under "II. GEORGE JOHN[9] PRENTICE" add the following dates for HELEN CELIA FORTENER: born "8 Mar. 1897;" died "5 Jan. 1927."

Page 41, line 15, change "1911" to "1912." The full name of the organization is "Dutcher Lodge #193, A.F.& A.M."

Page 43, in "V. ALICE ROSE FORBA," delete last two lines starting with, "she now lives...." and add the following: "married, second, on 4 June 1947 Lowell Green of Hart, Mich."

Page 48, in the death column, fill in the blank spaces as follows: Thomas "14 Aug. 1911," John A. "25 Mar. 1925," and Robert D. "14 July 1912."

Page 49, line 5, first name is spelled "S-t-i-r-l-i-n-g."

Page 57:

Column 5 left of center, add the following dates for ELI [illegible]: born "25 Nov." 1812; died "18 Feb." 1896.

Column 7 right of center, [illegible]. HUNTT married ELIZABETH "ACTON," daughter of "O[illegible] ACTON" (column 8).

Page 60, after "Fitch, Lucy Smith, 21" insert a comma and add "30, 31."

Page 63, after "Lucy, 14, 18, 21" insert a comma and add "30, 31."

Page 64, change "Rathbun, Henry Comstock" to "Rathbun, Harry Comstock."

B. Addenda

Title Page: The original text failed to explain that the name "Joshua Prentice" as it appears on the title page was traced from that gentleman's own handwriting. The present writer is in possession of a small chest, made of wood covered with carved ivory (approximately 8 inches wide, 9 inches long, and 5 inches high). Inside, on the paper lining, is written in ink:

"Joshua Prentice

His Trunk"

From this inscription the name was traced and reproduced on the title page.

Page 5: Numerous articles have been written regarding King Philip's War, and in most of these accounts substantial credit is given Thomas Prentice for his part in the defense of the colonies. The first stage of the war, which broke out in June 1675, is known as the Mount Hope campaign. Mount Hope was the name then applied to the territory now included in the town of Bristol, Rhode Island, where Philip, the Indian chieftain, had his headquarters. The colonial troops in this campaign consisted of about 100 foot soldiers under Captain Benchmen and fifty "horse" under Captain Prentice. A detailed account of the activities of Captain Prentice and his troop is contained in an article titled "Soldiers in King Philip's War" by Rev. George M. Bodge in the July 1868 issue of the New England Historical and Genealogical Register. (The article was later printed in book form.)

A list of soldiers who took part in the various campaigns indicates that in 1676 Captain Prentice had 73 officers and men under his command. A rather complete account of the war is included in THE HISTORY OF NEWTON by Francis Jackson (1854). One minor episode that occurred in which Captain Prentice had a part reads (page 472) like a Hollywood movie script:

> "On the 18th of April 1676, the Indians made a vigorous attack on Sudbury. Captain Wadsworth's and Captain Brocklebank's companies fought bravely in defence of the place, but were overpowered; a remnant of their men took refuge in a mill. The alarm was given and reached Captain Prentice, who started immediately for Sudbury, with as many troopers as could readily be notified. The men in the mill fought the Indians until night, and were rescued by Captain Prentice, who rode into town at great speed, having but few troopers that could hold way with him...."

This book also contains a map of Newton in 1700 showing ownership of property. The 85 acres which Captain Prentice purchased in 1663 is shown in the vicinity of what is now Commonwealth avenue about a half mile east of Centre street. A mile farther to the southeast was Thomas Hammond's tract, the location of which is recognized today from such well known names as Hammonds Pond and Hammonds Pond Woods. It will be noted in the family tree (page 57) that Captain Prentice's grandson, Samuel, married Thomas Hammond's granddaughter, Esther Hammond.

Page 10: The Henry Prentice referred to near the middle of the page probably came from England during the winter of 1639/40 and was--like Captain Thomas Prentice--a land owner and a man of considerable prominence in the Bay colony. There is no concrete evidence that the two men were in any way related. Known as Henry Prentice, the planter, of Cambridge, this colonist was the progenitor of one of the principal branches of the Prentice family in America. In fact, it is doubtful whether any other branch has had as many offspring who have been men of prominence as has his. The following lineages of a few of Henry Prentice's descendants are taken, for the most part, from the book EIGHT GENERATIONS published in 1947 by Prof. William Kelly Prentice of Princeton:

HENRY[1] PRENTICE, born between 1610 and 1620, died 9 June 1654; prominent colonist and freeman; resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts; married, first, ELIZABETH _____, who died 13 May 1643; married, second, 1643 or 44 JOAN _____; six children by second wife. (#1)

SOLOMON[2] PRENTICE, 1646-1719, served in King Philip's War, 1675-76; was a successful brickmaker and left an estate valued at over 900 pounds; married, first, ELIZABETH _____, second, about 1675 [illegible] (or DUNTON). (#2)

SOLOMON[3] PRENTICE, 1674-1758, who was the last of this line to spend his entire life in Cambridge, was admitted to the church 11 March 1710; lived on what is now Garden street; married about 1697 LYDIA _____, 1676-1758. (#3)

REV. SOLOMON[4] PRENTICE, 1705-1773, graduated from Harvard College in 1727, became first minister of the Congregational Church of Grafton, Mass., in 1731; married 26 Oct. 17[illegible] (dau. of Nathaniel and Sarah [illegible]) who was born about 1710, died 179[illegible]. (#4)

NATHANIEL [illegible][5] PRENTICE, 17[illegible]-1815, moved from Grafton, Mass., to Alstead, N. H.; took part in the battle of Lexington on 19 April 177[illegible]; in September of that year was commissioned a captain in the New Hampshire

militia and the following year became a major; served in the state legislature; married, first, ZANTRA HOWARD, who died 19 Aug. 1806, in her 71st year; he remarried ~~in 1813, two years before his death~~. before 1809, Submitt (#5)

SAMTALL[6] PRENTICE, 1786-1849, left the family farm in New Hampshire in 1815; moved to Canton, New York, where he went into business; later retired at Albany, where in 1835 he moved to an estate known as "Mount Hope," which was purchased by his sons Ezra and John and which was to remain in the family for several generations; married in 1794 JERIMA PARMELEE, 1773-1865. (#6)

EZRA PARMELEE[7] PRENTICE, 1797-1876, business man; president of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad Company (now part of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad); assisted in establishing the well known farm magazine, THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN; bank president; married 1828 PHILENA CHENEY, 1803-1875. (#7)

WILLIAM PACKER[8] PRENTICE, 1824-1915, graduated Williams College 1855; studied in Europe; lawyer; lieutenant colonel in Union Army; attorney for Board of Health of New York City, 1873-1892; married 1863 FLORENCE KELLY, 1843-1924. (#8)

WILLIAM KELLY[9] PRENTICE, born 28 Oct. 1871; graduated Princeton 1892, Ph.D. 1900; instructor of Greek at Princeton 1894-97, assistant professor 1900-05, professor 1905-41, professor emeritus since 1940; author of articles and books on Greek history and language and the genealogy [illegible], referred to on page 70; married, first, ALICE [illegible] GLENNY, 1882-1909; second, in 1917, MARIA WOODWARD BALDWIN (WAGILL). (#9)

JOAN[10] PRENTICE, born 3 Mar. 1908, only child of William Kelly and Alice Prentice. (#10)

- - - -

STELL[8] PRENTICE, 1837-1905, brother of William Packer[8] Prentice (as above); like his brother studied extensively abroad; served as an officer in Union Army; practiced law; moved from New York State to Iowa and Illinois; married 1868 [illegible], 1839-1912. (#11)

EZRA PARMELEE[9] PRENTICE, born 29 July 1863 at Davenport, Iowa; graduated Amherst 1885; LL.D. Olivet (Mich.) College 1911; D.Agr. University of Nebraska 1934; practiced law in Chicago 1888-1900 and in New York 1900-1924; author of several books on law and agriculture; married 1901 ALTA, dau. of John D. ROCKEFELLER; 3 children: (#12)

[illegible] ROCKEFELLER[10] PRENTICE, born 17 Dec. 1902; married 1941 [illegible] CANTRILL; one child: (#13)

[illegible][11] PRENTICE, born 30 July 1942. (#14)

[illegible][10] PRENTICE, born 28 Nov. 1908; married 1937 Benjamin LeRoy Gilbert; four children. (#15)

[illegible][10] PRENTICE, born 15 Apr. 1911; (#16) married 1937 [illegible] J. [illegible]; four children:

[illegible][11] PRENTICE, born [illegible] July 1938. (#17)

[illegible][11] PRENTICE, born 21 Apr. 1940. (#18)

[illegible][11] PRENTICE, born [illegible] Mar. 1942. (#19)

[illegible][11] PRENTICE, born 21 Oct. 1944 (#20)

- * - * -

[illegible][9] PRENTICE, 1867-1937, brother of E. Parmalee[9] Prentice, (#12, page 71); married 1896 LYDIA [illegible]; two children: (#21)
PIERREPONT [illegible] and [illegible], born 28 Dec. 1903.

PIERREPONT [illegible][10] PRENTICE, born 10 Sept. 1899; publisher of TIME magazine since 1941; married, first, in 1922 [illegible], second, in 1944 JANET McNEIR (PELLEGRINI); two children by first marriage: (#22)

[illegible][11] PRENTICE, born 1[illegible] Jan. 1927. (#23)

[illegible][11] PRENTICE, born 6 Sept. 1[illegible]. (#24)

- - -

While on the subject of publishers, it might be well to settle the question of another Prentice, even though he may be somewhat of an imaginary one. Having received a mimeographed letter from the well-known New York publishing firm of Prentice-Hall, Inc., signed by C. W. PRENTICE, the writer sent a personal letter to that individual inquiring about his family tree. In reply came a letter from Mr RICHARD PRENTICE ATTINGER, president of the firm, saying, "the only Prentice in this organization is myself....

The Prentice is my maternal grandmother's name...."
It appears, therefore, that the C. W. PRENTICE who signs advertising mail for the firm is a sort of phantom fellow and that the name Prentice lends a certain amount of good will or authenticity to the advertising matter.

- - - - -

JOHN HILL[7] PRENTICE, 1803-1881, son of Bartell[6] and Jerusha (#5, page 71); married 1831 SARAH NICHOLS DAVIS. (#25)

WILLIAM BATCHELY PARKER[3] PRENTICE, 1852- married 1880 ELLA CRAWFORD SHELDON; 17 children. (#26)

BERNON SHELDON[8] PRENTICE, born 12 May 1882; Harvard 1903; New York investment banker; married, first, 1906 CLARE ELLSWORTH (deceased); second, JOSEPHINE McFADDEN; two children by first marriage: (#27)

CLARE[10] PRENTICE (NAILSON) (#28)

SHELDON ELLSWORTH[10] PRENTICE (#29)

Lineages of other descendants of Henry Prentice, the planter, which have been furnished the writer, are given below:

STEPHEN[4] PRENTICE, born 1719/20, died after 1760, son of Solomon[3] and Lydia of Cambridge (#8, page 70), was a peddler; moved to Grafton, Mass., where his brother Solomon[4] was a minister; married 6 Aug. 1741 ESTHER CUTTER, [illegible] 4-1751. 6 children. (#30)

(NOTE: NANCY[7] PRENTISS, great-granddaughter of Stephen and Esther, married the noted Oregon explorer and missionary, DR. [illegible] WHITMAN. They were both massacred at Walla Walla in 1847. For a thrilling account of their experiences, read WHITMAN'S MILK THROUGH SAVAGE LANDS by [illegible].)

DANIEL[5] PRENTICE, 1755-1851, farmer of Townsend, Mass.; served in army during Revolution; married in 1779 MIGAIL STANLEY of Bedford, Mass.; ten children. (#31)

DANIEL[6] PRENTICE, 1780- , lived in Grafton, Mass.; married LETITIA [illegible] of Oxford, Mass.; eight children. (#32)

LUKE[7] PRENTICE, 1804- , went to Boston in 1826 and engaged in baking business; in 1851 became shoe manufacturer at Billerica, Mass.; in 1848 moved to Saco, Maine; married, first, in 1830 EMILY GORDON of Washington, D. C., who died 1844; married, second, in 1844 MRS SUSAN R. MARSTON. (#33)

[illegible] [illegible], 1[illegible]-[illegible], born at [illegible]; [illegible] with his parents to [illegible], Maine; married in 1[illegible] [illegible] L. [illegible] of Bethel, Maine; his children. (p34)

[illegible] [illegible], born 10 March 1[illegible]7, graduated from [illegible] College with A.B. degree in 1[illegible]; later received degree of [illegible] (Master of Physical Education); Fellow in Physical Education by American Physical Education Association; director of physical education in various schools for 44 years; retired; married LUCY [illegible]. (p[illegible])

PAUL R.[10] [illegible], born Newark, N. J., [illegible] Mar. 1[illegible]; officer of U. S. Army since 1[illegible]; decorated with Distinguished Service Medal, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal, Honorary Commander Military Div. Order of British Empire, Legion of Merit; became brigadier general in 1943; Commanding Officer, Army Air Field, [illegible], [illegible], 1947; married [illegible] Sept. 1[illegible]18 CHARLOTTE [illegible]; two children: (p[illegible])

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (OCTFIN) (p[illegible])

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (p[illegible])

- - - -

[illegible] [illegible], 1[illegible]-[illegible], son of Solomon[2] and [illegible] [illegible] ([illegible], page 70); brickmaker; deacon in [illegible] of [illegible]; married, first, [illegible] [illegible], who died [illegible] 1[illegible]/[illegible] aged [illegible]; married, second, 8 Nov. 1[illegible] [illegible], who died [illegible] Apr. 1775. (p[illegible])

Rev. [illegible] [illegible], 1[illegible]-[illegible], minister of [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] adopted the above spelling of his name which is still used by this branch of the family; married, first, [illegible] [illegible], who died 1754 aged [illegible]; second, in 1[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]; third, in 1770 [illegible]. (p[illegible])

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], 1[illegible]-1[illegible]7, surveyor; inspector of port of [illegible]; [illegible] clerk; [illegible] in [illegible]; married, first, [illegible] [illegible] who died 1[illegible]; married, second, [illegible] [illegible]. (p[illegible])

[illegible] [illegible], 1[illegible]-1[illegible], [illegible]; married [illegible] [illegible], 1[illegible]. (p[illegible])

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], 1[illegible]-1[illegible], a [illegible] of firm of [illegible] [illegible]; married, first, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], 1[illegible]-1[illegible]; second in 1[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. (p[illegible])

[illegible] [illegible]^{8} PRENTICE, born 1 Sept. 1834. (#44)

HENRY JAMES^{9} PRENTICE, born 22 July 1867. (#45)

DR. [illegible] JEROME^{10} PRENTICE, born 7 Apr. 1909; physician of San Diego, Calif. (#46)

The above lineages are those of a few of the many prominent descendants of Henry Prentice, the planter. They are included here because members of these branches have been helpfull in assisting the writer to collect data on his own branch of the Prentice family. It will be noted that some of the descendants of both Capt. Thomas and Henry Prentice changed the spelling of their names to P-R-E-N-T-I-S-S; so this spelling is not an indication of the branch to which the individual belongs.

- * - * -

Returning now to the descendants of Captain Thomas Prentice, we find that here, too, there are a seemingly endless number of lineages which could be traced--if time and space permitted. A few of these which have been brought to the writer's attention are given below:

Page 12, IV: DR. STANTON^{4} PRENTICE, 1711-1789, son of Rev. John^{3} and first wife Mary; physician of Lancaster, Mass.; married, first, in 1740 MARY or MERCY JENNISON, who died 26 Oct. 1756; he married, second, 5 Jan. 1758(?) REBECCA STEVENS of Groton, Mass., who, according to reports, "was young and handsome"; eight children by first wife, eight by second. (In 177[illegible] Rebecca married, second, Dr. Israel Atherton of Lancaster.)

DR. JOHN OTIS^{5} PRENTICE, son of Dr. Stanton and Rebecca; baptized 17[illegible]; studied medicine with his stepfather, Dr. Atherton, and received an honorary degree from Harvard in 1791; member Massachusetts Medical Society; moved to South Carolina; married ANNA ROWE of Orangeburgh, S. C., dau. of Christopher Rowe, officer of American Revolution.

JEFFREY OTIS^{6} PRENTICE, 1794-1818, lived at Charleston, S. C.; Augusta, Ga.; Beaufort, S. C.; and owned Port Royal Island, S. C., which was taken from his heirs by the U. S. Navy during War between the States; married in 1811 SARAH HARRIET REYNOLDS.

REV. WILLIAM OTIS^{7} PRENTICE, 1814-1889, Episcopal clergyman of Charleston, S. C.; married, first, 28 Nov. 1834 MARY SARAH JENKINS, who died 30 Mar. 1848; second, 26 Sept. 1849 MARIA C. JENKINS (sister of Mary Sarah), who died 13 July 1867; third, 5 Apr. 1869 MARIA T. [illegible]; there were [illegible] or 27 children.

It is reported that at least five of the sons were killed while fighting with the Confederate Army.

REV. AUGUSTIN[8] PRENTISS, born 1 Sept. 1857, died _____; son of Rev. William and second wife, Maria; Episcopal clergyman of Rock Hill, S. C.; married MINNIE WHALEY.

AUGUSTIN MITCHELL[9] PRENTISS, Ph.D., born Chapel Hill, N. C., 4 Jan. 1890; graduated George Washington University 1911; 2nd lieut. in Army 1913; served as Ordnance officer in France during World War I; assistant professor mechanical engineering George Washington Un. 1923-26; chief, Administration division, Edgewood (Md.) Arsenal 1936-37; author CHEMICALS IN WAR and CIVIL AIR DEFENSE; decorated Distinguished Service Medal, French Legion of Honor, Italian World War Service Medal; became commanding officer of Pine Bluff Arsenal, Ark., 1941 and made brigadier general in 1942; retired from army Aug. 1946; resides at Hartford, Conn.; married 6 June 1914 ANNE RANDOLPH KULL; two children;-A. M. Prentiss, Jr., and ANNE RANDOLPH[10] PRENTISS, born in Washington, D. C., 13 Nov. 1917; married Commander James H. Cruse, U.S.N., of Newport, R. I.; one child Anne Randolph Cruse, born 11 Dec. 1942.

AUGUSTIN MITCHELL[10] PRENTISS, born Fort Caswell, N. C., 30 Sept. 1915; graduated West Point 1937; served during World War II in Southwest Pacific theater with 5th Air Force from 1942 until 1946; promoted to colonel (temp.) Apr. 1945; stationed (1948) at Andrews Field, Washington, D. C.

Page 14, V: Another descendant of Samuel Prentice, Sr., has recently furnished his family history to the writer. He is William Sendry Prentice of Waco, Texas; and his lineage is as follows:

JONAS[4] PRENTICE, 1710-1766, married 1733 LUCY DENISON, born 1714.

DANIEL[5] PRENTICE, Sr., born 31 Jan. 1740, married 10 Jan. 1765 MARY BILLINGS.

DANIEL[6] PRENTICE, Jr., 1773-1854, born at Harpersfield, N. Y.; died at Harpersfield, Ohio; married 29 Jan. 1795 MARY ATWATER HOTCHKISS, who died June 1857.

DAVID BARBER[7] PRENTICE, born 8 Oct. 1817 at Harpersfield, Ohio; died 5 July 1906 at Jefferson, Ashtabula Co., Ohio; married, first, 6 Apr. 1842 ALAMANDA HAWKS, who died 8 July 1845; one child, LAURA PRENTICE (GILLETTE); married, second, 16 Feb. 1848 WHILENA BARBER

ROYCE; two children: WILLIAM HENDRY[8] PRENTICE, Sr., and DONALD ALBERT[8] PRENTICE.

WILLIAM HENDRY[8] PRENTICE, Sr., born 28 Apr. 1852; died at Toledo, Ohio, 17 Dec. 1937; married 27 June 1876 CLARA PATRICIA WAITE, born 25 June 1851, died 20 Dec. 1937; three children: HELEN JANE[8] PRENTICE SMEAD (deceased), WILLIAM HENRY[8] PRENTICE, and Miss LAURA[8] PRENTICE of Toledo, Ohio.

WILLIAM HENDRY[8] PRENTICE, born in Indianapolis, Ind., 1880; reared in Toledo, Ohio; received his B.S. degree in Civil Engineering from Purdue University in 1901; engaged in construction of dams, highways, and railroads and in production of sand and gravel; retired in 1945; associate member of American Society of Civil Engineers since 1906; lives in Waco, Texas; married Harriet Trainor (deceased); one child--

CATHERINE[10] PRENTICE, of Austin, Texas.

Page 14. VIII: A noted descendant of Thomas[4] Prentice is Donald Bishop Prentice, engineer and educator, president of Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute, Indiana, since 1941. He graduated from Yale in 1910 and received his M.E. degree in 1914. He earned his M.A. degree in education at Lafayette College in 1917 and his Sc.D. degree in 1936. In 1932 Wabash College awarded him a degree of LL.D. As an extra responsibility from 1941 to 1947, Dr. Prentice held the important position of chairman of the Committee on Engineering Schools of the Engineers' Council for Professional Development, the accepted agency in the United States for accrediting engineering curricula at all colleges and universities. He is a member of Tau Beta Pi, honorary engineering fraternity, and is a registered engineer in Indiana. His lineage is as follows:

THOMAS[4] PRENTICE, 1719-1783, married 1748 ELIZABETH BALDWIN.

THOMAS[5] PRENTICE, 1765-____, married 1789 ANNA DONNER.

CHARLES[6] PRENTICE, 1797-1843, married PHOEBE AMES.

CHARLES HENRY[7] PRENTICE, 1835-1908, married JULIA E. HILL.

CHARLES HILL[8] PRENTICE, 1859-1895, married KATE BACON BISHOP.

DR. DONALD BISHOP[8] PRENTICE, born Hartford, Conn., 27 Apr. 1889; married 1914 MARY LOUISE FARNHAM. Three daughters:

[illegible] PRENTICE[10] (1881).

[illegible][10] PRENTICE (COMER). One child: [illegible] PRENTICE COMER, born 1948.

[illegible][10] PRENTICE, who served during World War II as Lieutenant (j.g.) in the U.S.N.R.

Page 17, XIII: The burning of New London on 6 Sept. 1781 is vividly depicted in a recent historical novel, HOLDFAST GAINES by Odell and Willard Shepard (Macmillan, 1946). The sturdy young Mohegan Indian, for whom the book is named and who is the central figure of the story, is one of the handful of citizens who unsuccessfully defend the city against the strong force of British led by Benedict Arnold, then in the uniform of a British General, but formerly a local boy, born and brought up in nearby Norwich and personally known to nearly all the citizens whose homes were being put to the torch at his direction. Needless to say, he isn't referred to by them as General Arnold, but as that "God-damned traitor!"

Page 18: About 1842 Warren Prentice went on a whaling voyage that lasted for three years and four months. For fifteen months they did not come within sight of land. When he returned from this voyage, he learned for the first time that the Mexican War (1846-48) had been fought while he was away. Another lengthy voyage which he took was a sealing expedition to the southern part of South America, then known as Patagonia (divided between Argentina and Chile in 1881), where the crew set up a camp on the coast and shot the seal with rifles.

The price of farm land in Michigan in [illegible] is shown by the warranty deed for the east 40 acres of the farm in Ganges Township, Allegan County, on which Warren Prentice and his partner, John Smith, settled before the Civil War, dated 7 September [illegible]. It conveys from John Ryan of [illegible] (a name now extinct) to Warren Prentice of Ganges "40 acres of the east end of the south half of the south fractional half of section 19 in town two north, range 16 west" for a consideration of [illegible], or [illegible] per acre. A letter written about that time to his sister Rebecca in Connecticut tells of the hardships of clearing timber from the farm with insufficient help and of being far away from his friends and relatives. There was more to being a pioneer than just riding in a covered wagon!

Ganges, Allegan County
December [illegible].

To my long neglected, but never forgotten Sister,

having some spare time and being alone tonight, I thought I would address you a few lines to let you know how I am and where I am, hoping you may deem them of sufficient importance to give me an answer and let me know something in regard to yourself and the rest of the folks about there....

It is hard times, and I am plodding along the best I can, which is not saying much as I am obliged to work under great disadvantages. My (health) is good as common; it has been generally good since I have been here. I got hurt this summer in the woods and was laid up about a month. I think I wrote John something about it. I wrote to him some 2 months past and have been anxiously looking for an answer....

I said I worked to a great disadvantage, and so I do. I want to get someone, two or three to help me out board for the simple reason that I cannot get them boarded. There is a man living on the place by the name of Patterson, but he does not seem inclined, or rather his wife, to keep boarders. I am boarding, or rather staying, with them, and need as ever I wish I had some woman here from your section of the world--someone that was civilized. I think I should be more contented.

My partner, Mr Smith, arrived here a few days ago; he has been sailing. The vessel he was on was sunk up near the Straits of Mackinaw. She was run down by a Propeller (steamer), and both were sunk. The vessel was loaded with railroad iron. Her (life) boat was stove in (by) the collision, and the vessel sank in a short time, so there was a poor chance of saving themselves, but 5 were saved and 5 drowned....

If you can make this out, please answer and let me know if there is anyone (yet) living in that section.

/s/ W. PRENTICE

An interesting account of the pioneers of Western Allegan County is contained in a book EARLY [illegible] OF [illegible], MICHIGAN, 1830-1930, by Mrs May Francis Keech (Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, Grand Rapids, 1944). Although Ganges Township had been organized in 1847, at which time there were 27 voters, it was still sparsely settled when Warren Prentice arrived in the 30's; and he may rightfully be included among the pioneers.

Many years later, after the death of his sister, Rebecca, and after his sister, Mary, had moved to Michigan, Warren Prentice kept in touch with his relatives "down East" through correspondence with his nephew, Warren Kathbun, and the latter's sister, Abbie.

Dougla[illegible], [illegible]., [illegible]. [illegible], 18[illegible]

To [illegible] ([illegible]).

[illegible] a letter from [illegible] a few days since stating that [illegible] was very low. [illegible] feels anxious to hear from you [illegible] in Connecticut.

[illegible] get [illegible] letters from [illegible] part of the world. [illegible] not [illegible] them, and you must not expect it [illegible] I have all I can [illegible] I am too tired [illegible]. [illegible] I like to [illegible] the only chance I have to [illegible] world.

[illegible] 1 [illegible] get [illegible] ll [illegible] to [illegible] I [illegible] of [illegible] for [illegible] tariff [illegible] not [illegible] that [illegible] or [illegible] of peaches.

[illegible]'s health [illegible] I try to keep on my feet [illegible]. If it was not for [illegible] I [illegible] get along [illegible] and I have to [illegible] most of my [illegible] time.

[illegible] all send love to you [illegible].

/s/ [illegible]

The [illegible] is [illegible] in the same letter [illegible] the [illegible] present the [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible] to [illegible] got [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible]."

[illegible] much [illegible]. The Republican party has been [illegible] the Democratic party has [illegible].

o it is not surprising that Ex-soldier Prentice, with the war still fresh in his mind and the southern malaria still in his blood (and further aggravated by the catarrh which he likewise contracted in the army), was rather bitter in his political thinking and that he would sometimes express his contempt for the Democratic party by exclaiming, "Why, I fought Democrats and Rebels for two years at $13.00 per month!"

In 1910 at the advanced age of 83, Warren Prentice--though he had not been East in forty years--still carried on a correspondence with his nephews and nieces in Connecticut:

Douglas, Mich., Jan. 19, 1910

My dear Nephew and Niece,

I think you have been neglected about long enough, what do you think about it? Well, you must not come down on me too hard for I have done the best I could. The fact is there has been such a buzzing around here for the last six weeks or more that there has not been much chance for me to write. Joe was elected Treasurer for this Township, and that requires a great amount of writing and figuring, especially where there is so much non-resident land. He had to be in Douglas part of the time and in Saugatuck part of the time, and there were a great many came here to pay their taxes. Between the tax payers and other visitors it has kept things on a whirl most of the time.

Well there were many things came here for Christmas presents. They came from the East and the West and all around the board. One came all the way from Oregon. I could not remember them all if I should try, but I remember the knit shawl and also Warren's picture. Thank you very much as they are both appreciated....

Betsey is sick and under the Doctor's care for the last week. She don't seem to get any better yet.

I got a paper from Will Prentice last Monday, which was a surprise to me as I had given up and did not expect to ever hear from them again. He put their address on the wrapper, and I will put it down here

W. H. Prentice
462 Spokane Av.
Sellwood, Oregon

I am going to write to him again and perhaps I will get a letter. But I must quit as I am 'most blind. With much love to you all. Betsey and Ida send love.

/s/ WARREN PRENTICE

About 1846 or 54 Warren Prentice had visited his nephew, William Henry Prentice, at Baraboo, Wisconsin, before the latter's departure for Oregon.

Page 41:

The original text failed to mention that Joseph Warren[8] Prentice has been a Justice of the Peace in Saugatuck Township, Allegan County, Michigan, since 1939.

I. MILLARD JANISON[9] PRENTICE. Civil Engineer; place of employment now known as Office of the District Engineer, Baltimore District, Corps of Engineers, Department of the Army. Registered as professional engineer in Maryland and Michigan and certified by the National Bureau of Engineering Registration. Affiliated with the following organizations: Baltimore Alumnus Chapter of Tau Beta Pi, Maryland Section of American Society of Civil Engineers, and Local 639 of National Federation of Federal Employees.

Page 44: A request to the College of Arms in London disclosed that (on 15 January 1947) no record could be found of the coat of arms described on page 44 and shown on the frontispiece (page iv). However, the existance of these arms should not be doubted because in the Prentice genealogy by Pinney (2nd ed., p. 418) it is stated that Ezra P. Prentice of Albany visited the College of Arms and verified that these arms were recorded. (He was in London in May 1837 and again in January 1859.) It would appear, therefore, that the record of these arms at the College of Arms has been lost or misplaced since 1859. However, there is on record the coat of arms of the Prentise family of Wiggenhall, Norfolk, England, described as follows:

ARMS: "Per chevron or and sable 3 greyhounds counterchanged."

CREST: "A demi-greyhound or with collar, chain and clog sable."

This blazonry or description can be better understood by reference to the following definitions:

<u>Chevron</u>. A rafter-shaped object placed on the lower portion of the shield.

<u>or and sable</u>. Gold and black.

counterchanged. Opposite color from background--i.e., the greyhounds on the gold shield are black, and the one on the black chevron is gold.

demi-greyhound or. A half greyhound of gold.

collar, chain and clog sable. A black collar, leash, and weight.

These arms were mentioned by Binney and were also found in old records with slightly different wording by Dr. Donald E. Prentice (page 77) who spent two weeks at the library of the British Museum about 1929 tracing early Prentice family history. He traced the descendants of Henry Prentys of Wyggenhall Mawdlyn in County Norfolk, who lived in the 14th century, for eight generations but could not definitely establish a relationship with any of the Prentices who migrated to America.

A copy of these arms, dating back several generations, is in the possession of Mr Edmund Astley Prentis, Jr., of New York City. Born in 1883, Mr Prentis was a 1906 graduate of Columbia University School of Mines. One of the founders and chief engineer of the noted engineering firm of Spencer, White, and Prentis, Inc., Edmund A. Prentis is widely known in the engineering profession. He has written two technical books on the subject of underpinning and one titled CONFERENCE. In recognition of his professional work he was selected by Tau Beta Pi as one of "the ten men of high attainment in engineering" who were awarded honorary membership and initiated into the Association at its 42nd convention on 9 October 1947. His most recent honor was election (in 1948) as a Director of the American Society of Civil Engineers. In his book, PRENTIS SPEAKING, Mr Prentis describes his paternal ancestry in the following paragraphs:

"My paternal grandfather was Edmund Prentis, a very intellectual and accomplished gentleman. About six feet two inches in height, he was an imposing and impressive figure. I saw him under dramatic circumstances on his deathbed. His name really was not Prentis, and we do not know certainly what it was. In 1913 his solicitor told me it was Audley, but my father thought that it was Edmund Stevens... However this may be, my grandfather's father had died when he was young, and his mother had remarried a man named Prentis, of whose origin we know nothing, except as to his coat of arms which we possess and which is shown in the illustration.

"In 1913 my grandfather expressed an interest

in me because, as he said, most of his family--he had five children--were always after him for money. He sent me a gift of five hundred dollars, which I returned to him with my grateful thanks. This was such an unusual experience for him that he sent for me to come to England, and thus I saw him, but unfortunately on his deathbed....On his death he was generous enough to leave my sister and me $20,000."

A reproduction of the coat of arms possessed by Edmund A. Prentis appears in the lower left corner of the family tree inclosed with this supplement. It will be noted that the motto given on the scroll is Toujours en evant (too'zhoor" an-na'vaN") meaning ALWAYS FOR ARD.

Similar arms are in use by the Prentis family of Virginia according to the AMERICAN ARMORY AND BLUE BOOK, except that the three greyhounds are shown in three tiers directly over one another. According to Mr Morton M. Prentis of Baltimore, the spelling P-R-E-N-T-I-S is characteristic of the Virginia branch of the family, which is descended from William Prentis who settled at Williamsburg, Va. The early history of this branch in America is given by Binney (2nd edition, page 344):

WILLIAM[1] PRENTIS, born about 1701, died about 1765, from County Norfolk, England, to Williamsburg, Va.; member of firm of Blair & Prentis, merchants; married MARY BROOKE (1710-68 or 69), dau. of John and Ann Brooke of Virginia.

JOSEPH[2] PRENTIS, 1754-1809, graduated from William and Mary College 1777; member of Virginia House of Delegates 1777-88; judge of General Court of Virginia 1788-1809; married 1778 Margaret Bowdoin, 1758-1801.

JOSEPH[3] PRENTIS, 1783-1851, lawyer, clerk of county court, and from 1811-18[illegible] U. S. Surveyor and Inspector of Suffolk, Va.; married 1810 [illegible]N CAROLINE RIDDICK, 1791-1862.

ROBERT RIDDICK[4] PRENTIS, 1818-1871, lawyer; Clerk of Court of Albemarle Co.; Grand Master of Odd Fellows of Virginia when he died; married 1844 MARGARET ANN WHITEHEAD, 1828-1910.

HENNING WEBB[5] PRENTIS, 1851-1918, a teacher; lived in Mississippi and Missouri; married in 1876 MARGARET MORTON McNUTT.

HENNING WEBB[6] PRENTIS, JR., born St. Louis 11 July 1884; A.B. degree from University of Missouri 1903, A. M. from University of Cincinnatti 1907, and LL.D. in 1943; with Armstrong Cork Co. since 1907 and president since 1934; lives at Lancaster, Pa.; married 1909 IDA BERNICE COLE.

- * - * -

[illegible]UTT[6] PRENTI[illegible], born in St. Louis 2 Jan. 1887, brother of H[illegible]. Prentis, Jr., (page 84), A. B. University of Missouri 1906; director of Baltimore Association of Commerce; member bank board of Maryland; president First National Bank of Baltimore since 1928; married 1921 FRANCES C. LU[illegible]; children:

[illegible]CATON [illegible].[7] PR[illegible]TI

[illegible]NETT [illegible].[7] PR[illegible]TI.

Page 48: In looking over Elizabeth Brown's Diary, Mr B. Parmalee Prentice of New York noted what he considered a serious omission--the name of the ship in which they made their voyage to America is not stated. Accordingly, Mr Prentice wrote to the National Archives in Washington and obtained the following information:

"The passenger list of the S.S.'Cornelius Lawrence,' bound from Liverpool and arriving in New York May 31, 1856" includes the persons listed below:

J. Brown, farmer, age 45
Mrs Elis. Brown, wife, age 42* (43)
Mary Brown, age 21, spinster
Thos. Brown, age 9* (13)
John Brown, age 4* (14)
Robert Brown, age 7* (11)
Jm. Brown, age 6* (7 or 8)
Stewart Brown, age 4* (5)
Agnes Brown, age 6
Agnes Brown, age 25, spinster

* Several of the ages seem to have been recorded or copied incorrectly. The corrected age is given in parentheses.

This list brought out the fact that in addition to the immediate family two other Browns made the trip to America at this time. Although it was known that John Brown, Jr., had a brother, Stewart, who came to Wisconsin and settled on a farm a mile or two distant, the identity of the last two Browns on the passenger list was not known to the writer. The following letter dated 13 Feb. 1947 from S. Allen Brown of Windom, Minnesota, son of John Brown, Jr., listed above, indicates that Agnes Brown, aged 25, was not a spinster but was the wife of Stewart Brown, who no doubt had come on an earlier ship:

"***I have taken a few days before answering as I wished to contact my sister, Mrs Lucy Olson of this city, and my cousin, Mrs Lilly Mathisen, also of this city. Lilly Mathisen is a daughter of Uncle Thomas Brown, was born at West Salem (Wisc.), and was nine years of age when she came out here with her parents. Naturally she remembers some of the family in Wisconsin that I never came into contact with.

"She says that the Agnes Brown and daughter Agnes that came over on the ship CORNELIUS LARRANCE were the wife and daughter of Stewart Brown, a brother of our grandfather, John Brown. She says that Georgiana was a younger daughter of Stewart and Agnes Brown and was born at or near West Salem. Georgiana married a man by the name of Frank Kincaid. Later they moved to Oregon, where I believe Georgiana died. As to what became of the daughter Agnes, Mrs Mathisen does not remember, but she thinks that she got married and moved away from West Salem.

"I do not know much of the history of the Brown family before they left Scotland. However, I am under the impression that they did not own real estate there. Father has told us that before deciding to emigrate, they discussed the questions to whether to come to the United States or go to Australia. There was quite a flow of emigration both ways at that time. As I remember father to say, there was some connection of relationship between the Brown family and the poet Robert Burns. Possibly Burn's mother was a Brown. You know the Brown family lived near the Burns cottage. Father often mentioned the fact and said that he had visited the Burns cottage when a boy.

" My father, John A. Brown, and Uncle, Thomas S. Brown, were Civil War veterans. Father was in the 2nd Wisc. Vol. Cav., Co. B. Uncle Tom was in Calif. at the time the war broke out and inlisted in Calif. regiment.

"As to Cousin Robin Brown, son of Uncle Robert, I have not heard from him for quite a few years. At that time he lived in New Jersey, not far out of New York. ****

"I presume that you have read Uncle Stirling W. Brown's books, 'Limestone Valley' and 'Deacon White's Ideas.' These books give quite a little of the early history of the West Salem vicinity and some on the Brown family."

The books referred to in the above letter concern events in LaCrosse County, Wisconsin, in the authors time. Actual names are not used, but those familiar with the locality and people had no trouble identifying "Elross" as LaCrosse and "Selma" as West Salem or "Mrs Grant" as the author's mother, Mrs Elizabeth Brown.

The following extracts from DEACON WHITE'S IDEES (Mayhew Publishing Co. Boston, 1905) indicate that Mrs Brown, though an ardent Christian and a Sunday school teacher, was not much impressed by some of the preachers she found in America. This conversation is taken from pages 12 to 14 of the book:

Mrs. White's guest was Mrs. Grant (Mrs. Brown), a Scotch lady, vivacious and talkative with enough of the Dyr-shire brogue to interest and at times perplex and puzzle the American.

"How do you do, Mrs. Grant, glad to see you," was the deacon's greeting, and Mrs. Grant responded, "Vera weel for a body that's gettin' up in years. Hoo are ye yourself?"

"Why, Mrs. Grant, you're not old. You can't be forty yet, unless looks are mighty deceivin'. How old are you?"

"Weel hoo, just guess. I'll wager you'll no come vera heart. I knoe I'm no as supple as I was ten year ago. But hoo, hoo wuld do ye think I am?"

"Well," said the deacon, making a more careful inspection, with a view to discover the wrinkles and gray hairs, "it's my idee that you're just about thirty-nine or forty."

"Weel sir, you're ten year oot o' the way. I'll be fifty in November (1862) if I'm spared till that time."

"Well, by hokey, wife, she stands this rough back-woods life pretty well. Don't she?"

"Yes," said Mrs. White, "indeed she does. She hasn't grown old a bit as I can see since she came to this valley."

"Well," the deacon said, by way of explanation*** "it's worry that cuts the creases in our faces and streaks our hair with gray. Us fellows that fret are busy digging our graves I suppose, but it's a habit that grows on us. This season has been a hard one, and is a-putting some extra scars on us. Things don't go right. Winter wheat killed out and we've had too much wet this spring."

"You've had no sickness, have you?" inquired Mrs. Grant.

"Not a bit. Nancy had grunted 'round some but she's done all her own housework."

"Weel, then, ye hae nuckle tae be thankfu' for. Ye shoulins complain o' your lot and onide Providence. You're weel aff my sony. You're a lang way fra the puir hoose, and you're weel and should be happy. You Americans are too anxious to get rich. Can ye canna tak you're riches wi' ye. The rich and the puir gang out o' the warl on the same footin'. Thee graspin' bodies are tae be pestled. The greed o' gold fills their eyes and they're blin' tae the joys o' life."

"I tell ye," said Bill Emmett, as he reached for another of Mrs. White's warm biscuits, "most of us are too graspin' for more property. We never feel satisfied. At the gait things are a-goin' contentment won't be known in the world in a few years."

"Do ye ken," said Mrs. Grant, "that I hae hard a man say, jist the ither day that Bill Emmett was the happiest man in the valley?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Bill. "Who said that?"

"I think it was Jimmie Barclay," said Mrs Grant.

"Well, I guess," Bill says, "taint coz I've got much. An old cow and a pig, fifty acres of land, a wife and three children's about the hul o' my worldly possessions."

"You've anither pig, hae ye? I've laughed mony a time ower the minister takin' Bill's pig."

"How was that, Mrs. Grant?" said Mr. White.

"Why Bill had a solitary pig that he was fattenin' in the pen for family use. The minister cam along and tell't Bill that he had cam tae get somethin' frae him for the preachin' ye ken. Weel, Bill tell't him that he was hard up. Had scarcely enough tae fill the mou's o' his family, but he believed in preachers and churches and he wanted tae dae somethin' for the church. 'The only thing ye could tak is my pig,' said Bill, and what did the minister dae but say, 'Well, Bill, I'll tak it.' Bill gets a box and they stappit the pig in the box and awa went the pig."

"I wouldn't support a preacher that would do that," said the deacon.

"I thought tae mysel," said Mrs. Grant, "that there wasna muckle Christianity in that. Had he been starvin' it might o' been justifiable, but tae tak the man's last pig was tae muckle like takin' the bread out o' their mooths."

- * - * -

Page 56, IV: Under MARY ALICE ROBY and CHARLES JOSEPH ANDRATHY, add--"One child, PATRICK NOBLE ANDRATHY, born in Baltimore, Maryland, 18 March 1947."

Page 57 (chart): In column 4 right of center, under MARY EDMONIA HUNTT, add date of death, "11 Jan. 1948." With the death of Mrs Stone in her 91st year, the family lost its one remaining link with Civil War days. Much of the fighting in Northern Virginia was within hearing distance of her home in Charles County, Maryland--just across the Potomac. And while Maryland was counted as a Union state,

nevertheless it was a slave state situated south of the Mason-Dixon line; and its apparent allegiance was maintained more by the strength of Gen. Lew Wallace's Northern army, which was kept at hand to preserve local security, than by the personal feelings of many of its citizens. The tobacco farmers of southern Maryland had much in common with the South, and records show that a considerable number of Marylanders enlisted in the Confederate Army. In Charles County the dense woods near the Potomac provided a convenient hideout for stragglers from both Armies. But Aunt Eddie (as she was later known by most of the family) recalled in recent years that whenever one of the pigs disappeared from the family farm, her father always charged the theft to "Yankee soldiers." Mrs Stone was buried in the county of her birth, in the graveyard of St. Joseph's Jesuit church at Pomfret.

Page 57 (chart): The original family tree of Warren Stewart Prentice, prepared in 1946, traced the principal lines of his paternal and maternal ancestors--the Prentice and Roby families--for ten generations starting with the first settlers, Capt. Thomas Prentice of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and John Roby of Maryland. This chart carries these families in unbroken lines up to the present generation. In the case of the Prentice family efforts have been made (see page 88) to connect these Colonial records with records in England and thus establish the ancestry of Capt. Thomas Prentice, who founded the line in America. Such efforts have thus far been unsuccessful.

There are other methods, however, of prolonging or extending one's lineage into the past. If the principal line cannot be projected farther because of inadequate records, it is not unethical to connect one's family with earlier generations through the medium of other families with which the principal family has intermarried--for their blood is as much in the veins of the present generation as though they bore the family name. So, not to be outdone by a fellow worker who claims to be a descendant of Marie Antoinette, the writer prepared the enlarged family tree on page 90, which extends back 42 generations to Charlemagne, one of the greatest leaders of the Middle Ages who became ruler of a major part of Europe in 800 A.D. This same family tree also, by another branch, extends back 45 generations--or about 12 centuries--to Garned, King of the Picts, a race that inhabited what is now Scotland before the arrival of the Scots. Garned's daughter, Spondana, married Eugenius, who became King of the Scots in 704 A.D. Prior to this, the Scots had lived principally in Ireland, but they gradually gained a foothold in Scotland until in 842 under the leadership of Kenneth MacAlpin they defeated the Picts and became masters of the country they hold to this day--with the questionable assistance of the British Crown.

FAMILY TREE OF WARREN STEWART PRENTICE

LINEAGE THROUGH 12 CENTURIES OR 45 GENERATIONS

NO. OF GENERATIONS BACK

CHARLEMAGNE

Principal Sources:
"YOUR FAMILY TREE" by Jordan & Kimball
"COMPENDIUM OF AMERICAN GENEALOGY", Virkus
"HISTORY & GENEALOGY OF THE PRENTICE FAMILY", Binney

45 Garnard, King of Picts

44 Eugenius VIII, d. 721, King of Scots, 704-721 — Spondana

43 Etfinus, d. 761, King of Scots, 730-761 — Hungus, King of Picts

42 Achaius, d. 819, King of Scots, 787-819 — Fergusia

41 Alpin (beheaded by the Picts, 834), King of Scots, 831-834

40 Kenneth Mac Alpin, King of Scots 834-858, Defeated Picts 842 & became King of all Scotland

39 Constantine I or II, d. 877, King of Scotland, 863-877

38 Donald III or VI, d. 903, King of Scotland, 892-903

37 Malcolm I, d. 954, King of Scotland 942-954

36 Kenneth II or III, d. 994, King of Scotland, 976-994

35 Malcolm II, d. 1033, King of Scotland, 1005±-33

34 Crinan Albanach, Gov. of Scots Islands — Beatrix

33 Duncan I, d. 1040, King of Scotland 1033-1040 — Sibilla

32 Malcolm III, Canmore, d. 1093, King of Scotland, 1057-1093 — Princess Margaret, d. 16 Nov. 1093

31 David I, 1084-1153, King of Scotland, 1124-1153 — Maud of Northumberland

30

29 Reginald de Courtenay — Hawise

28 Robert de Courtenay — Mary

27 John de Courtenay — Isabel

26 Hugh de Courtenay — Eleanor

25 Hugh de Courtenay

24 Hugh de Courtenay — Agnes

23 Sir Hugh de Courtenay, K.G., d. 1377, 2nd Earl of Devon — Margaret de Bohun

22 Edward Courtenay — Emeline d'Auney

21 Sir Hugh Courtenay of Haccomb, Devon — Maud Beaumont

20 Sir Theobald Grenville of Stowe — Lady Margaret Courtenay — Sir William Bonville, K.G., Baron Bonville of Chuton

19 Sir William Grenville of Bideford — Philippa Bonville

18 Thomas Grenville, Sheriff of Glocestershire — Elizabeth Gorges of Devonshire — Sir Otis Gilbert, d. 1494, Sheriff of Devonshire, 1474

17 John Drake — Sir Thomas Grenville of Stowe — Isabella Gilbert — Richard Whitleigh of Efford, Devon

16 John Drake — Sir Roger Grenville of Stowe & Bideford — Margaret Whitleigh

15 Walter Raleigh — Alice Drake — John Drake, d. 1558 — Amy Grenville — Humphrey Prideaux, d. 1550 of Thewborough, Devon

14 Sir Walter Raleigh — Robert Drake of Wiscombe Park — Elizabeth Prideaux — Sir John Dennys, d. 1592 of Holcombe, Devon

13 William Drake of Wiscombe Park, Devon — Philippa Dennys

12 Richard Lord — Robert Bird — John Drake 1585-d. 17 Aug. 1659, came to N. Engl. 1630; Conn. 1635 — Elizabeth Rodgers, d. 7 Oct. 1681 of Windsor, Conn.

11 Dr. Thos. Lord — Dorothy Bird — John Elderkin, b. 1616, d. 1687 — Elizabath Drake (Gaylord) — Wm. Denison

10 Capt. Thomas Prentice, b. 1621, d. 6 July 1710 — Capt. Thos. Stanton — Ann Lord — Daniel Comstock, b. 1627, d. 1683 — Paltiah Elderkin, b. 1630, d. 1713 — Capt. Geo. Denison — Lady Ann Borodell

9 Thomas Prentice, Jr. — Sarah Stanton — Ebenezer Billings — Anna Comstock — John B. Denison — Phebe Lay — John Bennet

8 Sam'l Prentice, Sr. — Esther Hammond — Lt. Ebenezer Billings — Phebe Denison — Joseph Bennet — Sarah Bequess

7 Deacon Samuel Prentice — Abigail Billings — Stephen Bennet — Menitable Stebbins

6 John Prentice — Rebecca ____ — Aaron Bennet — Abigail Smith

5 Joshua Prentice — Mary Ann Bennet — John Brown — Elizabeth Brown

4 Warren Prentice, b. 10 Feb 1827, d. 25 Mar. 1916 — Betsey Burdick, b. 11 Apr. 1839, d. 4 Dec. 1921 — James Stewart Brown, b. 2 Feb. 1851, d. 23 Apr. 1932 — Marietta Hall, b. 8 July 1856, d. 20 Aug. 1887

3 Joseph Warren Prentice — Ida May Brown

2 Willard J. Prentice — Agnes Elizabeth Roby

1 **WARREN STEWART PRENTICE**
born 28 Sept. 1945

WJP
4 May 1947

CHARLEMAGNE, b. 2 Apr. 742, d. 28 Jan. 814, King of Franks, 768-814; Emperor of the West 800-814 — Lady Hildegarde of Swabia

Pipin, d. 810, King of Italy — Louis I, 778-840, King of France & Emperor 814-840 — Judith, "the Fair" of Bavaria — Ethelwulf, King of England 839-858

Bernard, d 818, King of Italy — Charles II, "the Bald" 823-77, King of France 840-77, Emperor 875-77 — Hermintrudis, d. 869 — Alfred, the Great, 849-901, King of England 871-901 — Lady Alswitha

Pipin de Peronne — Louis II, 844-879, King of France, 878-79 — Adelheida — Edward, "the Elder", King of England, 901-925

Herbert I, d. 902, Count of Vermandois — Charles III, "the Simple", King of France, 893-929 — Edgina, d. 948

Herbert II, Count of Ver. 902-943 — Louis IV, 920-954, King of France 936-54 — Princess Gerberga, d. 984

Duke Hugh Magnus of France — Albert I, Count of Vermandois, 943-988 — Gerberga

Hugh Capet, 940±-996, King of France, 987-996

Robert II, Sanctus, King of France, 988- — Wolodomir I, d. 1005, 1st Czar of Russia — Ann — Herbert III, Count of Vermandois, 988-1000

Baldwin V, Count of Flanders — Adela — Jaroslaus, d. 1052 — Engerherde of Norway — Otto, Count of Ver. 1010-45

William, the Conqueror, King of England 1066-1087 — Matilda, d. 1083 — Henry I, 1005-1060, King of France 1031-60 — Anne or Agnes of Russia — Herbert IV, Count of Ver. 1045-80

Prince Edward, d 1057, "The Exile" — Lambert of Lens, Count of Louvaine — Adelaide de Gand, Countess of Albemarle

Waldeofus, Earl of Northumberland — Judith

Wm. deWarren, Earl of Warren & Surrey — Princess Gundred

Prince Hugh Magnus, d. 1101, Count of Vermandois, Crusader — Adelheid, Countess of Vermandois

Maud — William, Earl of Warren, b. 1071±, d. & 2nd Earl of Surrey, d. 11 May 1138 — Isabel de Vermandois, b. 1070±, d. 13 Feb. 1131

Prince Henry, d. 1152, Earl of Huntingdon — Ada de Warren, d. 1178

Humphrey de Bohun, 4th Baron de Bohun, Lord of Hereford — Margaret, Sister of Kings Wm. III & Malcolm IV of Scotland

Henry de Bohun, d. 1220, a Magna Charta surety — Maud de Mandeville

Humphrey de Bohun, "The Good", Earl of Hereford & Essex — Maud d'Eu

Humphrey de Bohun, Governor of Goodrich Castle — Eleanor de Braose

Humphrey de Bohun, 3d Earl of Hereford & Essex — Maud de Fiennes

Edward I, 1239-1307, King of England, 1272-1307 — Princess Eleanor of Castile

Humphrey de Bohun, d. 1321, 4th Earl of Hereford & Essex — Princess Elizabeth

PRENTIS
VOLVOURS EN MANT

No great personal importance should be attached to a family tree prepared in this manner as the descendants of Charlemagne are now numbered by the thousands. Nevertheless, the preparation of such a chart is an interesting pastime and refreshes one's knowledge of medieval history.

The actual link connecting the Prentice family with the remote past is the marriage in 1725 of Deacon Samuel Prentice of Stonington, Conn., to Abigail Billings, who was descended from Elizabeth Drake, whose ancestors were well known in England and whose family records are readily obtained. Thus from documents available in the Congressional Library in Washington, in the Pratt Library in Baltimore, and other sources in this country it was possible to construct the chart (page 90) with a reasonable degree of accuracy, except for some slight discrepancies in dates. It is believed that other branches of the family could be extended back in like manner.

Page 73: The brief notation on page 73 regarding NARCISSA PRENTISS is entirely inadequate for so heroic a woman. Accordingly, it has been decided to devote most of the remainder of this supplement to some of her letters and the diary she wrote in 1836 during her 5-months' journey westward over the Oregon Trail.

The lineage of Narcissa Prentiss is as follows:

HENRY[1] PRENTICE and JOAN _____ (#1, page 70)

SOLOMON[2] PRENTICE and ELIZABETH _____ (#2, page 70)

SOLOMON[3] PRENTICE and LYDIA _____ (#3, page 70)

STEPHEN[4] PRENTICE and ESTHER CUTTER (#30, page 73)

STEPHEN[5] PRENTICE, 1744-1831, married 1764 MARY TURNER, ____-1822.

STEPHEN[6] PRENTICE, born Walpole, Mass., 26 Oct. 1777, died West Almond, N. Y., 14 Feb. 1862; also lived at Onondago, Prattsburg, and Angelica, N. Y.; was a carpenter and contractor (the Presbyterian parsonage which he built at Prattsburg in 1832 for $835 is said to be still in use); served at least one term as associate judge of Steuben County court; married 8 Jan. 1803 CLARISSA WARD of Onondaga, N. Y.; nine children.

NARCISSA[7] PRENTISS, born Prattsburg, N.Y., 14 Mar. 1808; died near Walla Walla, Wash., 29 Nov. 1847; married 18 Feb. 1836 DR. MARCUS WHITMAN, 1802-47; one child ALICE CLARISSA[8] WHITMAN, born 14 Mar. 1837, died by drowning 23 June 1839.

Narcissa Prentiss, after completing her education at Franklin Academy at Prattsburg, became a school teacher. She taught a variety of subjects in schools at Bath, N. Y., and elsewhere in the state, ranging from kindergarten to high school physics. From the age of eleven she was active in church affairs, first as a member of the Congregational Church of Prattsburg and later at the Presbyterian Church of Angelica.

Although her sister Jane had known Marcus Whitman for several years, it is probable that Narcissa did not meet him until about 1834. For some time Narcissa had considered becoming a missionary, but not until after her engagement to Marcus in February 1835 did she make formal application to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a Protestant missionary organization with headquarters in Boston.

Marcus Whitman, a native of Rushville, N. Y., was a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Fairfield, N. Y. After practicing medicine about 8 years in Canada and at Wheeler, N. Y., Dr. Whitman had felt the desire to go West as a medical missionary to the Indians. After his engagement to Narcissa in 1835 he made a trip as far west as the Green River, a branch of the Colorado, where he talked with many traders, trappers, and Indians at the annual rendezvous where furs were exchanged for merchandise from the East. During the nine days he spent at the rendezvous he performed two difficult surgical operations, removing arrowheads from men who had met hostile Indians, a feat that established his reputation among the frontiersmen. Convinced that missionaries were needed in Oregon Territory, he returned East, bringing two Indian youths with him, and spent the winter arranging for the establishment of the missions. The party which he organized consisted, in addition to Narcissa and himself, of the Reverend Henry H. Spalding and wife, Eliza Hart Spalding; William H. Gray; and the two Indian lads, Jonn and Richard. Expenses of the party, to the extent of $3,272.76, were paid by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The wedding of Narcissa Prentiss to Marcus Whitman took place at Angelica, N. Y., on 18 Feb. 1836. The next day Narcissa said goodbye to her family that she was never to see again. After spending a few days at Ithaca, Marcus, Narcissa, and the two Indians went to Elmira, N. Y., where they engaged a man to drive them in a sleigh by way of Williamsport, Pa., to Hollidaysburg. From there they traveled by barge on the Pennsylvania Canal to Pittsburgh, where--less than a month after their wedding--they took passage on a river boat down the Ohio. From this point on, the story of the trip westward is available in Narcissa's own words--in the letters she wrote home and the personal journal or diary which she maintained. In reading this diary, one should keep in mind that no white woman had ever crossed the continent before, no wagon had

ever before traveled the Oregon trail. In fact, the "old timers" said it couldn't be done. Yet the party did take their wagon as far west as Ft. Boise, Idaho; and Narcissa and Mrs Spalding, riding their horses sidesaddle (as was the custom for women of that day) crossed the prairies, forded the rivers, climbed the mountains, and thus completed their history-making journey from St. Louis to the Columbia River.

- - - -

On Board Steamboat at Siam,
March 15, 1836.

Dear, Dear Mother--

Your proposal concerning keeping a diary as I journey, comes before my mind often. I have not found it practicable while traveling by land, although many events have passed which, if noted as they occurred, might have been interesting. We left Pittsburgh this morning at ten o'clock. It is delightful passing down the waters of the beautiful river.

March 28. We have just come on board the MAJESTIC. It is rightly named, for it is one of the largest boats on the river. We are now sailing on the waters of the great Mississippi. We arrived at Cincinnati Thursday noon; found Brother Spalding. Said he had been waiting for us anxiously for a fortnight. Spent the remainder of the week in making arrangements for our journey, and on the Sabbath had a very interesting time with the disciples of Jesus there; felt strengthened and comforted as we left them to pursue our journey into the wilderness. Much good feeling was manifested in the churches--a deep interest appeared to be taken in the missions. Especially our two Indian youths attracted the gaze and admiration of a crowd on Sabbath evening. We left Tuesday noon on the JUNIU and expected to arrive in St. Louis before the Sabbath, but our expectation was not realized, and Saturday night found us on the waters of the Mississippi, eighty-nine miles from St. Louis. We felt it our duty not to travel on the Sabbath, and determined to leave the boat, although many on board tried to persuade us to remain, and have preaching on the Sabbath, and of the number, one was a Presbyterian minister from New York, who appeared quite anxious to detain us. At ten o'clock we landed at Chester, Illinois, and had a most delightful Sabbath of rest, with the few disciples of Jesus we found there. An aged minister who had been toiling in this part of the vineyard ever since the year 1817, we found of a kindred spirit. He preaches to several congregations. Said he had not had a brother minister to preach for him since he had been there, and to have a mission family call and enjoy the privileges of the Sabbath with him, seemed like angels' visits. He had heard of their passing and repassing often. Mr Spalding preached in the forenoon, and in the afternoon my husband requested the children and youth to meet in a Sabbath School, and we distributed a number of

books among them....

Since we came on board, we have come on very pleasantly. Our accomodations are better here than on any previous boat.

19th, Tuesday morning. We shall expect to see St. Louis today. Evening. We are now in port. Husband has been to the office expecting to find letters from dear, dear friends at home, but found none. Why have they not written? Seeing it is the very last, last time they will have to cheer my heart with intelligence from home, home, sweet home, and the friends I love. But I am not sad. My health is good. My mind completely occupied with present duty and passing events. St. Louis has a commanding situation.

Wednesday, 30th. A boat is in port, ready to take us up the Missouri, and will leave today. When we were in Pittsburgh we heard that the Fur Company's steamboat, DIANA, had left St. Louis. We then expected to make our journey from Liberty (Mo.) to Bellview by land, probably on horseback, 300 miles of which would have been the most difficult part of the journey, on account of the season and high water. But Providence has ordered it otherwise. Since we arrived here we learn that the DIANA snagged herself and sank, but in shallow water, so that no lives were lost. We have the promise of overtaking her before we reach Liberty. She is now lying up for repairs and drying her freight. We had a call from a gentleman this morning who has resided in the mountains. Richard knew him very well--is going back with us. He was formerly from Cincinnati. It seems to me now that we are on the very borders of civilization, although we shall pass many towns on our way to Liberty. At this moment my feelings are peculiar. I hardly know how to define them. I have not one feeling of regret at the step which I have taken, but count it a privilege to go forth in the name of my Master, cheerfully bearing the toil and privation that we expect to encounter. I intend to write home from Council Bluffs if I am not prevented, and give some statements which I cannot now. We could not pack all contained in that box sent us from Angelica. What we could not, Brother Whitman took home to sell for us, and send the avails to St. Louis. How anxiously I looked for a line or two from some one of the dear family in that box somewhere, but I saw none. Jane, don't forget to write to them for me. It is out of my power to write as much as I should like to. How often I think of Christians in Angelica--those beloved sisters and brothers, with whom we have knelt before the alter in prayer. Surely, now I feel the influence of their prayers, although widely separated. Say to them we wish them to rejoice with us, and thank God for His kind protection, and the prosperity which has attended us since we left home. We are making arrangements for crossing the mountains, and shall expect to, unless prevented in the Providence of God. I think I should like to whisper in mother's ear many things which I cannot write. If I could only see her in her room for one-half hour! This much I can

say, mother, I have one of the kindest husbands, and the very best every way.

I have become very much interested in the Nez Perces lads. They are very affectionate and seem to wish to please us in everything. We think they will be of great service to the mission in various ways.

On board steamboat CHARITON. Thurs., March 31, 1836. We left St. Louis immediately after dinner, passed many delightful residences in Missouri on the banks of the Mississippi, just as we leave the city. Twilight had gone when we entered the waters of the great Missouri, but the moon shone in her brightness. It was a beautiful evening. My husband and myself went upon the top of the boat to take a more commanding view of the scenery. How majestic, how grand was the scene....

April 1st. My eyes are satisted with the same beautiful scenery all along the coasts of this mighty river, so peculiar to this western country. One year ago today my husband first arrived at St. Louis on his exploring route to the mountains. We are one week earlier passing up the river this year than he was last year.

April 2nd. Yesterday, ten o'clock. We have come on well since we left St. Louis. Sailed all night last night, which is a rare thing on this river, on account of the snags and sand bars. We are now at Jefferson City, about half-way to Liberty from St. Louis.

Monday, 4th. We passed the wreck of the steamer S[illegible]M today about noon. It is indeed a melancholy sight. She ran upon a snag and sank last winter. She was not quite a year old. No lives lost. We stopped today at Chariton about an hour.

Thursday, 7th. Very pleasant, but cold. Mary, we have had a sick one with us all the way since we joined Dr. Satterlee. Mrs Satterlee has had a very bad cough and cold which has kept her feeble....The rest of us have been very well, except feeling the effects of drinking the river water. I am an exception, however; my health was never better since I have been on the river. I was weighed last week and came up to 138 pounds. I think I shall endure the journey well, perhaps better than any of the rest of us. Mrs Spalding does not look or feel quite healthy enough for our enterprise. Riding affects her differently from what it does me. Everyone who sees me compliments me as being the best able to endure the journey over the mountains. Mister S. is very resolute, no shrinking with her. She possesses much fortitude. I like her very much. She wears well upon acquaintance. She is a very suitable person for Mr Spalding. has the right temperment to match him. I think we shall get along very well together. We have so far. I have such a good place to shelter--under my husband's wings. He is so excellent. I love to confide in

his judgment and act under him. He is just like mother in telling me of my failings. He does it in such a way that I like to have him, for it gives me a chance to improve. Jane, if you want to be happy, get as good a husband as I have got, and be a missionary. Mary, I wish you were with us. You would be as happy as I am.

Since we have been here we have made our tent. It is made of bedticking. Is a conical form, large enough for us all to sleep under, viz: Mr Spalding and wife, Dr. Whitman and wife, Mr Gray, Richard Tak-ah-too-ah-tis, and John Aitz; quite a little family; raised with a center pole, and fastened down with pegs, covering a large circle. Here we shall live, eat and sleep for the summer to come at least, perhaps longer. Mary, you inquired concerning my beds and bedding. I will tell you. We five spread our India rubber cloth on the ground, then our blankets, and encamp for the night. We take plenty of Mackinaw blankets, which answer for our bed and bedding, and when we journey, place them over our saddle and ride on them. I wish you could see our outfit.

I had made for me in Brother Augustus' shoe store in Rushville a pair of gentlemen's boots, and from him we supplied ourselves with what shoes we wanted. We have each of us a life preserver, so that if we fall into the water we shall not drown. They are made of India rubber cloth, air tight, and when filled with air and placed under the arm, will prevent one from sinking. Each of us take a plate, knife and fork and tin cup. Husband has got me an excellent side saddle and a very easy horse. He made me a present of a mule to ride the other day. I do not know which I shall like best. I have not tried the latter. Richard says, "That's a very bad mule--can't catch buffaloes." That is the test with him. An animal's speed makes him good in his eye. I will write you from Council Bluffs, and at every opportunity (to send) when Mr Parker returns. We have lately received a letter from Mrs Parker....

Alas! My husband does not come tonight. The wind has blown so hard that I expect he has not been able to cross the river. Brother Gray is with him; I shall not feel so anxious about him on that account, so adieu for tonight. It is most ten o'clock, and the family have all gone to rest. I should like to tell you how the western people talk, if I had room. Their language is so singular that I could hardly understand them, yet it is very amusing. In speaking of quantity, they say, "heap of man, heap of water, she is a heap sick," etc. If you ask, "How does your wife do today?" "O, she is smartly better, I reckon, but she is powerful weak; she has been mighty bad, what's the matter with your eye?"

<u>Platte River, just above the Forks. June 3, 1836, Friday eve. six o'clock</u> We have just encamped for the night near the bluffs, over against the river. The bottoms are a soft, wet plain, and we were obliged to leave the river yesterday for the bluffs. The face of the country yesterday afternoon and today

has been rolling sand bluffs, mostly barron, quite unlike what our eyes have been satiated with for weeks past. No timber nearer than the Platte, and the water tonight is very bad, got from a small ravine. We have usually had good water previous to this.

Our fuel for cooking since we left timber (no timber except on rivers) has been dried buffalo dung. We now find plenty of it, and it answers a very good purpose, similar to the kind of coal used in Pennsylvania (I suppose now Harriet will make up a face at this, but if she were here she would be glad to have her supper cooked at any rate in this scarce timber country). The present time in our journey is a very important one. The hunter brought us buffalo meat yesterday for the first time. Buffalo have been seen today, but none taken. We have some for supper tonight. Husband is cooking it. No one of the company professes the art but himself. I expect it will be very good. Stop; I have so much to say to the children that I do not know in what of my story to begin. I have very little time to write. I will first tell you what our company consists of. We are ten in number--five missionaries, three Indian boys and two young men employed to assist in packing animals.

Saturday, 4th. I wrote last night till supper. I told you how many bipeds there were in our company; now for the quadrupeds: Fourteen horses, six mules, and fifteen head of cattle. We milk four cows. We started with seventeen, but we killed one calf, and the Fur Company, being out of provision, have taken one of our cows for beef. It is usually pinching times with the Company before they reach the buffalo. We have had plenty, because we made ample provision at Liberty. We purchased a barrel of flour, and baked enough to last us with killing a calf or two until we reached the buffalo.

The Fur Company is large this year; we are really a moving village; nearly four hundred animals, with ours, mostly mules, and seventy men. The Fur Company have seven wagons, drawn by six mules each, heavily loaded, and one cart drawn by two mules, which carries a lame man, one of the proprietors of the Company. We have two wagons in our Company. Mr and Mrs S., husband and myself ride in one. Mr Gray and the baggage in the other. Our Indian boys drive the cows, and Dulin the horses. Young Miles leads our forward horses, four in each team. Now, Edward, if you want to see the camp in motion, look away ahead, and see the pilot and the Captain, Fitzpatrick, just before him; next the pack animals, all mules, loaded with great packs. Soon after you will see the wagons, and in the rear our Company. We all cover quite a space. The pack mules always string along, one after the other just like Indians. There are several gentlemen in the Company, who are going over the mountains for pleasure. Captain Stewart, he is an Englishman, and Mr Celam. We had a few of them to tea with us last Monday evening. Captains Fitzpatrick, Stewart, Major Harris and Celam. I wish I could describe to you how we live, so that

you can realize it. Our manner of living is far preferable to any in the States. I never was so contented and happy before, neither have I enjoyed such health for years. In the morning as soon as the day breaks, the first that we hear is the words, "Arise, Arise!" Then the mules set up such a noise as you never heard, which puts the whole camp in motion. We encamp in a large ring, baggage and men, tents and wagons on the outside, and all the animals, except the cows, which are fastened to pickets, within the circle. This arrangement is to accommodate the guard, who stand regularly every night and day, also when we are in motion, to protect our animals from the approach of Indians, who would steal them. As I said, the mules' noise brings every man on his feet to loose them and turn them out to feed. Now,*Harriet and Edward, you must think it very hard to have to get up so early after sleeping on the soft ground, when you find it hard to open your eyes at seven o'clock. Just think of me; every morning at the word "Arise," we all spring. While the horses are feeding, we get breakfast in a hurry and eat it. By this time the words, "Catch up! Catch up!" ring through the camp for moving. We are ready to start usually at six, travel till eleven, encamp, rest and feed, start again about two, travel until six or before, if we come to a good taver., then encamp for the night.

Since we have been in the prairie we have done our own cooking. When we left Liberty we expected to take bread to last us part of the way, but could not get enough to carry us any distance. We found it awkward work to bake out of doors at first, but we have become so accustomed to it now that we do it very easily. Tell mother I am a very good housekeeper on the prairie. I wish she could just take a peep at us while we are sitting at our meals. Our table is the ground, our tablecloth is an India rubber cloth, used when it rains as a cloak. Our dishes are made of tin, basins for tea cups, iron spoons and plates for each of us, and several pans for milk and to put our meat in when we wish to set it on the table. Each one carries his own knife in his scabbard, and it is always ready for use. When the table things are spread, after making our own forks of sticks, and helping ourselves to chairs, we gather around the table. Husband always provides my seat, and in a way that you would laugh to see. It is the fashion of all this country to imitate the Turks. Messrs. Dunbar and Allis supped with us, and they do the same. We take a blanket and lay (it) down by the table, and those whose joints will let them follow the fashion; others take out some of the baggage (I suppose you know that there are no stones in this country; not a stone have I seen of any size on the prairie). For my part, I fix myself as gracefully as I can, sometimes on a blanket, sometimes on a box just as it is convenient. Let me assure you this, we relish our food none the less for sitting on the ground while eating. We have tea and a plenty of milk, which is a luxury in this country. Our milk has assisted us very much in making our bread since we have been journeying.

* These remarks were directed to Narcissa's sister Harriet then 18 and her brother Edward aged 16.

While the Fur Company has felt the want of food, our milk has been of great service to us; but it was considerable work to supply ten persons with bread three times a day. We are done using it now. What little flour we have we shall preserve for thickening our broth, which is excellent. I never saw anything like buffalo meat to satisfy hunger. We do not want anything else with it. Supper and breakfast we eat in our tent. We do not pitch it at noon. Have worship immediately after supper and breakfast.

Noon. The face of the country today has been like that of yesterday. We are now about thirty miles above the Forks, and leaving the bluffs for the river. We have seen wonders this forenoon. Herds of buffalo hove in sight. One, a bull, crossed our trail, and ran upon the bluffs in rear of the camp. We took the trouble to chase him so as to have a near view. Sister Spalding and myself got out of the wagon, and ran upon the bluff to see him. This band was quite willing to gratify our curiosity, seeing it was the first. Several have been killed this forenoon. The Company keeps a man out all the time to hunt for the camp.

I wish you were all here with us, going to the dear Indians. I have become very much attached to Richard. He's the one you saw at our wedding. I love to teach him, to take care of him, and hear his talk. There are five Nez Perces in the Company, and when they are together they chatter finely. Samuel Temoni, the oldest one, has just come into camp with the skin and some of the meat of a buffalo which he has killed. He started this forenoon of his own accord. It is what they like dearly, to hunt buffalo. So long as we have him with us we shall be supplied with meat.

Now the man from the mountains has come who will take this to the office. We have just met him and we have stopped our wagon to write a little. Give my love to all. I have not told you half I want to. We are all in health this morning and making rapid progress in our journey. By the Fourth of July our Captain intends to be at the place where Mr Parker and husband parted last fall. We are a month earlier passing here than they were last spring. Tell mother that if I had looked the world over I could not have found a husband more careful and better qualified to transport a female such a distance. Husband says "stop." Farewell to all!

Platte River, south side, six days above the Fort Laramie Fork, near the foot of the Rocky Mountains, June 27, 1836.

Dear Brother and Sister Whitman: We were in perplexity when we left Liberty, but it has been overruled for good. I wrote Mother Loomis from the Otoe Agency. We were in still greater perplexity there, while crossing with our baggage. Husband became so completely exhausted with swimming the river on Thursday, May 5th, that it was with difficulty he made the shore the last time. Mr Spalding was sick; our two hired men

were good for nothing; we could not obtain much assistance from the Otoes, for they were away from the village. We had but one canoe, made of skins, and that partly eaten by the dogs the night before. We got everything over by Friday night. We did not get ready to start until Saturday afternoon. By this time the (American Fur) Company had four and a half days the advance of us. It seemed scarcely possible for us to overtake them, we having two more difficult streams to pass before they would pass the Pawnee villages. Beyond there we dared not venture more than one day. We were at a stand; but with the advice of Brethren Merrill and Dunbar--missionaries among the Pawnees--after a concert of prayer on the subject, we concluded to start and go as far as it would be prudent for us. Brother Dunbar kindly consented to become our pilot, until we could get another. He started with us and came as far as the Elkhorn River, then the man Major Dougherty sent for, for us, came up, and Mr Dunbar returned. We had passed the river on Monday morning and taken down the rope when our pilot and his Indian came up. It was with difficulty we crossed him and returned Mr Dunbar. While on the opposite shore, just ready to leave us, he called to us to receive his parting advice, with a word of caution, which will never be forgotten. Our visit with him and Brother Merrill's family was indeed refreshing to our thirsty spirits--kindred spirits rejoicing in the self-denials and labors of missionary life. The next day, in the morning, we met a large party of Pawnees going to the fort to receive their annuities. They seemed very much surprised and pleased to see white females; many of them had never seen any before. They are a noble Indian--large, athletic forms, dignified countenances, bespeaking an immortal existence within. When we had said what we wished to them, we hurried on, and arrived at the Elkhorn in time to cross all our effects. Here, I must tell you how much good Richard, John and Samuel did us. They do the most of driving the cattle and loose horses. Occasionally husband and myself would ride with them as company and encouragement. They came up to the river before us, and seeing a skin canoe on the opposite side, they stripped themselves, wound their shirts around their heads, and swam over and back again with the canoe by the time we came up. We stretched a rope across the river and pulled the goods over in the canoe without much difficulty.

Monday and Tuesday we made hard drives--Tuesday especially. We attempted to reach the Loup Fork that night, and a part of us succeeded. Those in the wagons drove there by 11 o'clock, but it was too much for the cattle. There was no water or feed short of this. We rode with Richard and John until 9 o'clock, and were all very much fatigued. Richard proposed to us to go on and he and John would stay on the prairie with the cattle, and drive them in in the morning. We did not like to leave them, and so we concluded to stay. Husband had a cup tied to his saddle, in which he filled what we wanted to drink; this was our supper. Our saddle blankets with our India rubber cloaks, were our beds. Having offered up our thanksgiving for the blessings of the day, and sought protection for the night, we committed ourselves to rest. We awoke in the morning much refreshed

Narcissa does not get to in these letters the time of their arrival at Green River rendezvous, located west of the Continental Divide near what is now Daniel, Wyoming. The following is therefore quoted from a letter written by Dr. Whitman giving this information:

July 16, 1836

"***The Indians being appraised of our approach***came to meet us on the 4th of July and on the 6th we arrived at rendezvous. At Rendezvous on Green River the same as last year we found a large number of Nez Perce--Flathead Indians***who had come according to their agreement last year***to take us to their country. They expressed great satisfaction at seeing us and that we had not disappointed them but had spoken truth.... They were greatly interested in our females, cattle & waggon... We removed to Messrs. McLeod & McKay's camp on the 14th & expect to move camp on the 15th toward Walla Walla at which place we expect to arrive in 35 days...."

Mr. Spalding's account of Green River Rendezvous goes into more detail regarding the Indian pageantry and the method of trading:

"A national salute was given to the whites by the several nations. The bravest tribe led off and fairly won the admiration of the whites by their war equipments and fearfully painted horses, black or yellow, red or white, according to the natural color of the horse. Next followed the Nez Perces and Flatheads, who received equal applause for their masterly horsemanship, very natural sham fights, and their national airs***all accompanied by the constant pounding of a great number of rocky mountain gongs, or Indian drums, the terrific screams of a number of whistles made of leg-bone of the gray eagle and swan, the constant jingle of the medicine rattle box, and the heavy clang of the hawk-bells, tin coil, bear claws, and human bones trimmed with human scalps, pending upon every horse--interrupted now and then by a terrific battle yell, rounded off in a vibrating war whoop, almost sufficient to curdle the blood in our veins. In the center, and a little in advance, is seen an aged and patriarchal one, wearing an American coat and hat, and bearing in one hand the American flag, and in the other an enormous calumet, or the great pipe of peace...

"Suddenly the flag drops and all is still. The old man approaches the white captain, the hand of friendship is extended, the pipe of peace passed around, and in a few moments the beaver belonging to that tribe begins to come in from the rear, and each after pack is thrown down at the old patriarch's feet, who does the trading for his tribe. The price of each skin and the goods are fixed, and the articles required are handed to the old man as fast as four or five clerks can attend to them, and he again hands the articles back into the crowd to whom they belong. This tribe retires amid the shouts of the white crowd, to give place to another....

"In the meantime a brisk trade is kept up (with the white trappers); the log stores of the company or rival companies are thronged late and early till beaver are gone, credit gone, whiskey gone, grass gone, stores emptied, and the appointed day to break up camp dawns, when suddenly the narrow valley of the Green River for ten miles is all alive with horses and mules and human beings...."

- - - -

We now return to Narcissa's account:

July 14th. When I wrote the latter I expected an opportunity to send it immediately, but we did not meet the party expected, and have had no opportunity since. We are now at the Rocky Mountains, at the encampment of Messrs. McLeod and Stuart, expecting to leave on Monday morning for Walla Walla. It seems a special favor that that Company has come to rendezvous this season; for otherwise we would have had to have gone with the Indians a difficult route, and so slow that we should have been late at Walla Walla, and not had the time we wanted to make preparations for winter. Husband has written the particulars of our arrival, meeting the Indians, etc., to Brother Henry. One particular I will mention, which he did not. As soon as I alighted from my horse I was met by a company of matron native women, one after another shaking hands and saluting me with a most hearty kiss. This was unexpected and affected me very much. They gave Sister Spalding the same salutation. After we had been seated a while in the midst of the gazing throng, one of the chiefs, whom we had seen before, came with his wife and very politely introduced her to us. They say they all like us very much, and thank God that they have seen us, and that we have come to live with them.

It was truly pleasing to see the meeting of Richard and John with their friends. Richard was affected to tears. His father is not here, but several of his tribe and brethern are. When they met, each took off the hat and shook hands, as respectfully as in civilized life. Richard does not give up the idea of again seeing Huntsville.

July 15th. Under the protection of Mr McLeod and his company we left the rendezvous and came ten miles in a southwesterly direction. The Flatheads and some of the Snake Indians accompanied us a short distance. We make but one camp a day. On the road we had a tedious ride, as we traveled till half-past 4 p.m. I thought of mother's bread as a child would, but did not find it on the table. I should relish it extremely well; have been living on buffalo meat until I am cloyed with it. Have been in a peaceful state of mind all day....

16th. Came fifteen miles today; encamped on Smith's Creek, a small branch of Bear Creek. The ride has been very mountainous--paths winding on the sides of steep mountains. In some places the path is so narrow as scarcely to afford room for

the animal to place his foot. One after another we pass along with cautious step. Passed a creek on which was a fine bunch of gooseberries nearly ripe.

Husband has had a tedious time with the wagon today. It got stuck in the creek this morning when crossing, and he was obliged to wade considerably in getting it out. After that, in going between the mountains, on the side of one, so steep that it was difficult for horses to pass, the wagon was upset twice; did not wonder at this at all; it was a greater wonder that it was not turning somersaults continually. It is not very grateful to my feelings to see him wearing out with such excessive fatigue, as I am obliged to. He is not as fleshy as he was last winter. All the most difficult part of the way he has walked, in laborious attempts to take the wagon. He knows what my feelings are.

8th. Did not move camp today. Mr McKay has been preparing to send out trappers from this place. Husband has been sick today, and so lame with the rheumatism as to be scarcely able to move. It is a great privilege that we can lie still today, on his account, for he needs rest.

9th. Had quite a level route today--came down Bear River. Mr McKay sent off about thirty of his men as trappers today. Several lodges of Indians also left us to go in another direction, and we expect more to leave us tomorrow. They wish to go a different route from Mr McLeod, and desire us to go with them; but it would be more difficult and lengthy than Mr McLeod's. We are still in a dangerous country; but our company is large enough for safety. Our cattle endure the journey remarkably well. They supply us with sufficient milk for our tea and coffee, which is indeed a luxury. We are obliged to shoe some of them because of sore feet. Have seen no buffalo since we left Rendezvous. Have had no game of any kind except a few messes of antelope, which an Indian gave us. We have plenty of dried buffalo meat, which we have purchased from the Indians--and dry it is, for me. It appears so filthy! I can scarcely eat it; but it keeps us alive and we ought to be thankful for it. We have had a few meals of fresh fish, also, which we relish well, and have the prospect of obtaining plenty in one or two weeks more. Have found no berries; neither have I found any of the bread (Girls, do not waste the bread; if you knew how well I should relish even the dryest morsel, you would save every piece carefully.) Do not think I regret coming. No, far from it: I would not go back for a world. I am contented and happy, notwithstanding I sometimes get very hungry and weary. Have six weeks' steady journeying before us. Feel sometimes as if it were a long time to be traveling. Long for rest, but must not murmur.

Feel to pity the poor Indian women, who are continually traveling in this manner during their lives, and know no other comfort. They do all the work and are the complete slaves of their husbands. I am making some little progress in their language; long to be able to converse with them....

16th. Very mountainous all the way today; came over another ridge; rode from 8 a.m. till 2 p.m. We thought yesterday the Indians were all going to leave us, except two or three; but not one has. They fear to on account of the Blackfeet tribe, who would destroy them all, if they could. One of the axel-trees of the wagon broke today; was a little rejoiced; for we were in hopes they would leave it, and have no more trouble with it. Our rejoicing was in vain, for they are making a cart of the back wheels this afternoon, and lashing the fore wheels to it--intending to take it through in some shape or other. They are so resolute and untiring in their efforts that they will probably succeed. Had some fresh fish for breakfast and some antelope for supper sent us by Mr McLeod and other friends in camp....

July 17th. Mr Gray was quite sick this morning, and inclined to fall behind. Husband and I rode with him about two hours and a half, soon after which he gave out entirely. I was sent on, and soon after husband left him, to come and get the cart; but I overtook an Indian, who went back and soon met husband, and both returned to Mr Gray. The Indian helped him on his horse, got on behind him, supported him in his arms, and in this manner slowly came into camp. This was welcome relief, and all rejoiced to see them come in; for some of us had been riding seven hours, others eight, without any nourishment.

Fort Hall (Idaho). We were hospitably entertained by Captain Thing, who keeps the fort. It was built by Captain Wyeth, a gentleman from Boston, whom we saw at the rendezvous on his way East. Our dinner consisted of dry buffalo meat, turnips and fried bread, which was a luxury. Mountain bread is simply coarse flour and water mixed and roasted or fried in buffalo grease. To one who has had nothing but meat for a long time this relishes well. For tea we had the same, with the addition of some stewed service berries.

The buildings of the fort are made of hewed logs, with roofs covered with mud brick, chimneys and fireplaces also being built of the same, no windows except square holes in the roof, and in the bastions a few port holes large enough for guns only. The buildings are all enclosed in a strong log wall. This affords them a place of safety when attacked by hostile Indians, as they frequently are, the fort being in the Blackfoot country. Since dinner we visited the garden and corn fields. The turnips in the garden appeared thrifty--the tops very large and tall, but the roots small. The peas looked small, but most of them had been gathered by the mice. Saw a few onions that were going to seed, which looked quite natural. This was all the garden contained. We told us his own did extremely well until the 8th of June, when the frost of one night completely prostrated it. It has since come up again but does not look as well as it did before. This is their first attempt at cultivating.

The buildings at Fort William, on Laramie Fork of the Platte, are made the same, but are larger and more finished than here. Here we have stools to sit on--there we had very comfortable chairs bottomed with buffalo skin. Thus you see we have a house of entertainment almost or quite as often as Christian of the Pilgrim's Progress did. We expect one more before we get to Walla Walla; that is Snake Fort (Boise), belonging to Mr McKay, who is journeying with us.

From this on our company will be small. The Indians all leave us today, except one or two, who go with us to assist in driving the cattle--Kentuck, who went with Mr Parker last year, and the chief, Rottenbelly. The whole tribe are exceedingly anxious to have us go with them. They use every argument they can invent to prevail on us to do so--and not only argument, but strategy. We all think it not best; we are very much fatigued, and wish to get through as soon as possible. To go with them would take us two months or more, when now we expect to go to Walla Walla in twenty-five days.... Our animals are nearly ready. It is now half past two, and we expect to go but a short distance and encamp.

<u>August 8th</u>. <u>Morn</u>. Came all of ten miles last evening and did not arrive here until after dark. Mr McLeod and his company started earlier than we did, intending to come but a little way. We could not get ready to come with him, and the man who piloted us led us wrong--much out of the way. Those on whom we depended to drive cattle disappointed us. Husband and myself fell in behind them to assist John Aits, who was alone with them. This made us later into camp than the rest of our company. We came through several swamps, and all the last part of the way we were so swarmed with mosquitoes as to be scarcely able to see--especially while crossing the Port Neuf, which we did just before coming into camp. It is the widest river I have forded on horseback. It seemed the cows would run mad for the mosquitoes; we could scarcely get them along.

Mr McLeod met us and invited us to tea, which was a great favor. Thus blessings gather thick around us. We have been in the mountains so long we find the scenery of this valley very grateful to the eye--a large stream on my right and one on my left, skirted with timber. At Fort Hall was our first sight of Snake River. We shall follow the south side of it for many days. We have passed many places where the soil is good, and would be fertile if there were frequent rains; but usually the country is barren, and would be a sandy desert were it not for the sage brush.

<u>Eve</u>. We passed the American Falls on Snake River just after dinner. The roar of the water is heard at a considerable distance. We stopped during the greatest heat for rest and dinner. Now that the Indians are no longer with us, we shall expect to make two camps. I expect this to be a great mercy to us weak females, for it was more than we could well endure to travel during the heat of the day without refreshment.

August 6th. Route very bad and difficult today. We crossed a small stream full of falls. The only pass where we could cross was just on the edge of rocks above one of the falls. While the pack animals were crossing, both ours and the Company's, there was such a rush as to crowd two of our horses over the falls, both packed with dried meat. It was with great difficulty they were got out, one of them having been in nearly an hour, much to his injury. We have a little rice to eat with our dry meat, given us by Mr McLeod, which makes it relish quite well.

August 7th. [illegible] Came fifteen miles and camped on a fine place, with plenty of good grass for our weary animals...

August 8th. Snake River. We have an excellent camp ground tonight, plenty of feed for the cattle and horses. We think it remarkable that our cattle should endure the journey as well as they do. We have two sucking calves that appear to be in very good spirits; they suffer some from sore feet, otherwise they have came on well and will go through. Have come eighteen miles today, and have taken it so deliberately that it has been easy for us. The hunters came in last night well loaded; they had been in the mountains two days after game, and killed three elk and two antelope. This is the first elk meat we have had, and it is the last opportunity we expect to have of taking any more game. We are told that many have traveled the whole distance from Rendezvous to Walla Walla without any fresh meat. We think ours will last us until we reach the salmon fishing at Snake Falls. Thus we are well provided for, contrary to our expectations. Mr McLeod has excellent hunters: this is the reason why we live so well. There is but little game, and that is found at great distance from the route.

11th. Tuesday and Wednesday have been tedious days, both for man and beast--lengthy marches without water; rocky and sandy. Had a present tonight of a fresh salmon; also a plate of fried cakes from Mr McLeod (Girls, if you wish to know how they taste, you can have the pleasure by taking a little flour and water, make some dough and roll it thin, cut it into square blocks, then take some beef fat and fry them. You need not put either salt or pearlash in your dough. Believe me, I relish them as well as I ever did any more at home).

12th. Friday. Raised camp this morning at sunrise, and came two hours' ride to the salmon fishery. Found a few lodges of Diggers of the Snake tribe, so-called because they live on roots during winter, who had just commenced fishing. Obtained some and boiled it for our breakfast. Find it good eating; had we been a few days earlier we should not have been able to obtain any fish, for they had but just come up. They never go higher than these falls, and come here every season.

Friday Eve. Dear Harriet, the little trunk you gave me has come with me so far, and now I must leave it here alone. Poor little trunk, I am sorry to leave thee, thou must abide here alone, and no more by thy presence remind me of my dear Harriet.

Twenty miles below the falls on Snake River, this shall be thy place of rest. Farewell, little trunk, I thank thee for thy faithful services, and that I have been cheered by thy presence so long. Thus we scatter as we go along. The hills are so steep and rocky that husband thought it best to lighten the wagon as much as possible, and take nothing but the wheels, leaving the box with my trunk. I regret leaving anything that came from home, especially that trunk, but it is best. It would have been better for me not to have attempted to bring any baggage whatever, only what was necessary to use on the way, it costs so much labor, besides the expense of animals. If I were to make the journey again, I would make quite different preparations. To pack and unpack so many times, and cross so many streams where the packs frequently get wet, requires no small amount of labor, besides the injury of the articles. Our books, what few we have, have been wet several times. In going from Elmira to Williamsport, this trunk fell into the creek and wet all my books, and Richard's too...The sleigh box came off, and all of us came near a wetting likewise. The custom of the country is to possess nothing, and then you will lose nothing while traveling. Farewell for the present.

<u>14th</u>. <u>Saturday</u>. Dear Harriet, Mr McKay has asked the privilege of taking the little trunk along, so that my soliloquy about it last night was for naught. However, it will do me no good, it may him. We have come fifteen miles and have the worst route in all the journey for the cart. We might have had a better one, but for being misled by some of the Company, who started out before the leaders. It was two o'clock before we came into camp.

They were preparing to cross Snake River. The river is divided by two islands into three branches, and it is fordable. The packs are placed upon the tops of the highest horses, and in this way we crossed without wetting. Two of the tallest horses were selected to carry Mrs Spalding and myself over. Mr McLeod gave me his, and rode mine. The last branch we rode as much as half a mile in crossing and against the current, too, which made it hard for the horses, the water being up to their sides. Husband had considerable difficulty in crossing the cart. Both the cart and mules were turned upside down in the river, and entangled in the harness. The mules would have been drowned but for a desperate struggle to get them ashore. Then after putting two of the strongest horses before the cart, and two men swimming behind to steady it, they succeeded in getting it across. I once thought that crossing streams would be the most dreaded part of the journey. I can now cross the most difficult stream without the least fear. There is one method of crossing which husband has tried, but I have not, neither do I wish to. Take an elk skin and stretch it over you, spreading yourself out as much as possible, then let the Indian women carefully put you on the water, and with a cord in the mouth they will swim and draw you over. Edward, how do you think you would like to travel in this way?

15th. Yesterday Mr McLeod, with most of his men, left us, wishing to hasten his arrival at Snake Fort, leaving us a pilot and his weakest animals to come in with us at our leisure. This is a relief to us, as it is difficult to bring our cattle up to the speed they wish to travel. We passed the hot springs just before noon, which was quite a curiosity. Boiled a bit of dry salmon in one of them in five minutes.

16th. This eve found plenty of berries called hawthorn on the stream where we have encamped. They are large as a cherry and taste much like a mealy sweet apple. Our route on this side of Snake River is less hilly and difficult than on the south side, and said to be two days shorter.

17th. Arrived at Snake Fort (Boise) about noon. It is situated on Bigwood River, so called because the timber is larger than any to be seen this side of the mountains. It consists chiefly of cottonwood and is small compared with timber in the States. Snake Fort is owned and was built by Mr Thomas McKay, one of our company, whom we expect to leave here. We, with Mr McLeod, have had hearty welcome dined with them. Mr McLeod was ready to leave on the morrow, but said he would stay a day longer to give us the opportunity of doing some necessary work, for which we were thankful.

18th. Saturday. Last night I put my clothes in water, and this morning finished washing before breakfast; this is the third time I have washed since I left home, once at Fort William and once at Rendezvous. Mr McLeod called this evening to see if we were ready to leave. He observed we had been so engaged in labor as to have no time for rest, and proposed for ourselves to remain over the Sabbath. This I can assure you was a favor for which we can never be too thankful, for our souls need the rest of the Sabbath as well as our bodies.

19th. Sabbath. Rich with heavenly blessings has this day of rest been to my soul. Mr Spalding was invited to preach in the Fort at 11 o'clock. The theme was the "Character of the Blessed Savior." All listened with good attention.

20th. Left the Fort yesterday, came a short distance to the crossing of Snake River, crossed and encamped for the night. The river had three branches, divided by islands, as it was when we crossed before. The first and second places were very deep, but we had no difficulty in crossing on horseback. The third was deeper, still we dare not venture on horseback. This being a fishing post of the Indians, we easily found a canoe made of rushes and willows, on which we placed ourselves and our saddles (Sister Spalding and myself), when two Indians on horseback each with a rope attached to the canoe towed us over. O! if father and mother and the girls could have seen us in our snug little canoe, floating on the water! We were favorites of the Company. No one else was privileged with a ride on it. I wish I could give you a correct idea of this little bark. It is simply bunches of rushes tied together and attached to a frame made of a few sticks of small willows. It was just large enough to hold

us and our saddles. Our baggage was transported on the top of our tallest horses, without wetting.

As for the wagon, it is left at the Fort, and I have nothing to say about crossing it at this time. Five of our cattle were left there also, to be exchanged for others at Walla Walla. Perhaps you will wonder why we have left the wagon, having taken it so nearly through. Our animals were failing and the route in crossing the Blue Mountains is said to be impassable for it. We have the prospect of obtaining one in exchange at Vancouver. If we do not, we shall send for it, since we have been to so much labor in getting it thus far. It is a useful article in the country.

Now for Edward's amusement, and that he may know how to do when he comes over the Rocky Mountains, I will tell how we got the cattle over the rivers. Our two Indian boys, Richard and John, have had the chief management of driving them all the way, and are commendable for the patience they have manifested. They have had some one or two to help usually, but none are so steady drivers as themselves. When a stream is to be crossed, where it is necessary for the animals to swim, Richard comes to my husband and asks if he may go over with his horse and clothes and then come back after the cows. Having obtained consent, he rides over, accompanied by his fellow drivers, all stripped to the shirt. Then they return with their horses if the stream is wide and difficult. If not, they leave their horses, tie their shirts over their heads, swim back, collect the cows and drive them through, all swimming after them. If the stream is very wide, and they return with their horses, they drive them swimming on their horses behind them. This saves them from the too great fatigue of swimming the river twice. They love to swim, as they love to eat, and by doing so, have saved me many an anxious feeling, for the relief it has given my husband many times. In this case all the horses and mules were driven across likewise. Usually, the best Indian swimmer was selected, and mounted the horse that was good for leading to go before the animals as a guide, while many others swam after them to drive them over. When once under way, such a snorting and halloaing you never heard. At the same time you can see nothing save so many heads floating upon the water. Soon they gain the opposite shore, triumphantly ascend its banks, shake themselves, and retire to their accustomed employment.

<u>26th</u>. <u>Friday</u>. On account of our worn out cattle and horses, it was thought best to seperate from Mr McLeod's party, at least some of us, and travel more deliberately. Two mules and a horse have almost entirely given out. It is necessary for some of our party to go to Vancouver immediately for supplies and to see Mr Parker before he leaves. It was thought best for my husband and Mr Gray to go, as Mr McLeod intended to make but a day's stop at Walla Walla. We came on with him, leaving Mr and Mrs Spalding, the hired man, with most of our baggage, and the Nez Perce chief, Rottenbelly, to pilot them in.

We started from the camp about three o'clock, and came as far as the Lone Tree. The place called "The Lone Tree" is a beautiful valley, in the region of Powder River, in the center of which is a solitary tree, quite large, by the side of which travelers usually stop and refresh themselves. We left our tent for Mrs Spalding, as we expect to be out only a few nights, while she may be out many. Mr McLeod kindly offered his for my use, and when I arrived in camp, found it pitched and in readiness for me. This was a great favor, as the wind blew quite hard, and the prospect was for a cool night.

August 27th. Came in sight of the hill that leads to Grand Ronde. This morning Mr McLeod remained behind in pursuit of game, and did not come into camp until we had made a long noonning. Although we had begun to feel a little concerned about him, yet about three o'clock he came into camp loaded with wild ducks, having taken twenty-two. Now, mother, he did just as he always did during the journey, sent over nine of them. Here also Richard caught fresh salmon, which made us another good meal, and if we had been out of provisions we might have made a dinner upon the fresh water clams, for the river was full of them.

Girls, how do you think we manage to rest ourselves every noon, having no house to shelter us from the scorching heat, or sofa on which to recline? Perhaps you think we always encamp in the shade of some thick wood. Such a sight I have not seen, lo, these many weeks. If we can find a few small willows, or a single lone tree, we think ourselves amply provided for. But often our camping places are in some open plain, and frequently a sand plain; but even here is rest and comfort. My husband, who is one of the best the world ever knew, is always ready to provide a comfortable shade with one of our saddle blankets spread upon some willows or sticks placed in the ground. Our saddles, fishmores and the other blankets, placed on the ground, constitute our sofa, where we recline and rest until dinner is ready. How do you think you would like this? Would you not think a seat by mother in some cool room preferable? Some times my wicked heart has been disposed to murmur, thinking I have no rest from the heat when we stopped, but have always been reproved for it by the comfort and rest received. Under the circumstances I have never wished to go back. Such a thought never finds a place in my heart. "The Lord is better to us than our fears." I always find it so.

28th. This morning lingered with husband on the top of the hill that overlooks the Grand Ronde, at the foot of which is a beautiful cluster of pitch and spruce trees, but no white pine like that I have been accustomed to see at home. Grand Ronde is, indeed, a beautiful place. It is a circular plain, surrounded by lofty mountains, and has a beautiful stream coursing through it, skirted with quite large timber. The scenery, while passing through it, is quite delightful in some places, and the soil rich; in other places we find the white sand and sedge, as usual, so common to this country. We nooned upon the Grand Ronde River (Oregon).

The camas grow in abundance, and it is the principal resort of the Cayuses and many other tribes to obtain it, as they are very fond of it. It resembles an onion in shape and color; when cooked is very sweet and tastes like a fig. Their manner of cooking them is very curious; they dig a hole in the ground, throw in a heap of stones, heat them to red heat, cover them with green grass, upon which they put the camas, and cover the whole with earth. When taken out it is black. This is the chief food of many tribes during the winter. After dinner we left the plain and ascended the Blue Mountains. Here a new and pleasing scene presented itself--mountains covered with timber, through which we rode all the afternoon; a very agreeable change. The scenery reminded me of the hills in my native county of Steuben.

29th. Had a continuation of the same scenery as yesterday afternoon. Rode over many logs and obstructions that we had not found since we left the States. Here I frequently met old acquaintances in the trees and flowers, and was not a little delighted; indeed, I do not know as I was ever so much affected with any scenery in my life. The singing of birds, the echo of voices of my fellow travelers, as they were scattered through the woods, all had a strong resemblance to bygone days. But this scenery was of short duration; only one day.

Before noon we began to descend one of the most terrible mountains for steepness and length, I have yet seen. It was like winding stairs in its descent, and in some places almost perpendicular. The horses appeared to dread the hill as much as we did. They would turn and wind around in a zigzag manner all the way down. The men usually walked, but I could not get permission to, neither did I desire it much. We had no sooner gained the foot of the mountain, when another more steep and more dreadful was before us. After dinner and rest we descended it. Mount Pleasant in Prattsburg would not compare with these Mount Terribles. Our ride this afternoon exceeded anything we have had yet, and what rendered it the more aggravating was the fact that the path all the way was very stony, resembling a newly macadamized road. Our horses' feet were very tender, all unshod, so that we could not make the progress we wished. The mountain in many places was covered with this black broken basalt. We were very late in making camp tonight. After ascending the mountain we kept upon the main divide until sunset, looking in vain for water and a camping place. While upon this elevation, we had a view of the valley of the Columbia River. It was beautiful. Just as we gained the highest elevation, and began to descend, the sun was dipping his disk behind the western horizon. Beyond the valley we could see two mountains, Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens. These lofty peaks were of a conical form, seperated from each other by a considerable distance. Behind the former, the sun was casting part of his rays, which gave us a more distinct view of this gigantic cone. The beauty of this extensive valley contrasted well with the rolling mountains behind us, and at this hour of twilight was enchanting, and quite diverted my mind from the fatigue under which I was laboring.

he had yet to descend a hill as long but not as steep or as stony as the other. By this time our horses were in haste to be in camp, as well as ourselves, and mine made such lengthy strides in descending that it shook my sides surprisingly. It was dark when we got into camp, but the tent was ready for me, and tea, also, for Mr McLeod invited us to sup with him....

30th. In consequence of the lengthy camp yesterday and failure of animals, two of the Company's men left their animals behind, with packs also. These occasioned some anxiety, lest the wolves should destroy their beaver. Today they sent back for them, and we made but a short move, to find more grass. On following the course of the stream on which we encamped last night, we found cherries in abundance, and had time to stop and gather as many as we wished. They are very fine, equal to any we find in the States. When we arrived, Mr Gray had the dinner waiting for us. This afternoon the men rested and made preparations to enter Walla Walla. The men who went for the animals returned late. We all regretted this hindrance, for Mr McLeod intended to see Walla Walla today, and return again with a muskmelon for Mrs Whitman (so he said). He will go in tomorrow. It is the custom of the country to send heralds ahead to announce the arrival of a party, and prepare for their reception.

31st. Came to the Walla Walla River, within eight miles of the Fort. (Now Wallula, Wash.) Husband and I were very much exhausted with this day's lengthy ride. Most of the way was sandy, with no water for many miles. When we left Mr Spalding, husband rode an Indian horse, which he had never mounted before, and found him a hard rider in every gait, except a gallop; and slow in his movements, nor could he pace, as mine did, so for the last six days we have galloped most of the way, where the ground would admit of it.

September 1st, 1836. You can better imagine our feelings this morning than we can describe them. I could not realize that the end of our long journey was so near. We arose as soon as it was light, took a cup of coffee, ate of the duck we had given us last night, and dressed for Walla Walla. We started while it was yet early, for all were in haste to reach the desired haven. If you could have seen us you would have been surprised, for both man and beast appeared alike to be impelled by the same force. The whole company galloped almost the whole of the way to the Fort. The first appearance we saw of civilization was the garden, two miles this side of the Fort. The fatigues of the long journey seemed to be forgotten in the excitement of being so near the close. Soon the Fort appeared in sight, and when it was announced that we were near, Mr McLeod, Mr Pambrun, the gentleman of the house, and Mr Townsend (a traveling naturalist), sallied forth to meet us. After the usual introduction and salutation, we entered the Fort and were comfortably situated in cushioned arm chairs. They were just eating breakfast as we rode up, and soon we were seated at the table, and treated to fresh salmon, potatoes, tea, bread and butter. What a variety, thought I. You cannot imagine what an appetite these rides all the

mountains give a person. I wish some of the feeble ones in the States could have ridden over the mountains; they would have said, like me, that victuals, even the plainest kinds, never relished so well before.

After breakfast we were shown the novelties of the place. While at breakfast, however, a young rooster placed himself upon the sill of the door and crowed. Now, whether it was the sight of the first white woman, or out of compliment to the company, I know not, but this much for him, I was pleased with his appearance. You may think me simple for speaking of such a small circumstance. No one knows the feelings occasioned by objects once familiar after a long deprivation, especially when it is heightened by no expectation of meeting with them. The door yard was filled with hens, turkeys, and pigeons. In another place we saw cows and goats in abundance, and I think the largest and fattest cattle and swine I ever saw.

We were soon shown to a room which Mr. Pambrun said he had prepared for us, by putting two bedsteads, or bunks, on hearing of our approach. It was the west bastion of the fort, full of port holes in the sides, but no windows, and filled with fire-arms. A large cannon, always loaded, stood behind the door by one of the holes. These things did not disturb me. I am so well pleased with the possession of a room to shelter me from the scorching sun that I scarcely notice them. Having arranged our things, we were soon called to a feast of melons, the first, I think, I ever saw or tasted. The muskmelon was the largest, measuring eighteen inches in length, fifteen around the small end, and nineteen around the large end. You may be assured that none of us were satisfied or willing to leave the table until we had filled our plates with chips.

At four o'clock we were called to dine. It consisted of pork, turnips, cabbage, tea, bread and butter—my favorite dishes, and much like the last dinner I ate with Mother Loomis. I am thus particular in my description of eatables, so that you may be assured that we find something to eat beyond the Rocky Mountains as well as at home. We find plenty of salt, but many here prefer to do almost and some entirely without it on their meats and vegetables.

<u>Sept. 8.</u> Have busied myself today in unpacking my trunk and arranging my things for a visit to Vancouver. Mother will wonder at this, and think me a strange child for wishing to add three hundred miles to this journey; not from necessity, but my husband is going, and I may as well go as to stay here alone. If we were obliged to go on horseback, I think I should not wish to undertake it, but we are going in a boat, and it will not take us more than six days to go there. It is a very agreeable change, and I think that I shall enjoy it as well as to stay here. I feel remarkably well and rested, do not need to lounge at all. And so it is with us all. I can scarcely believe it possible of myself, but it is true. I feel as vigorous, and as well able to engage in any domestic employment as I ever did in

my

my life. I have not yet introduced you to the lady of the house. She is a native from a tribe east of the mountains. She appears well, does not speak English, but her native language and French. The cooking and housework is done by men, chiefly. Mr Pambrun is from Canada, and much the gentleman in his appearance.

Sept. 3. Mr McLeod and Townsend left for Vancouver today, but Mr McLeod is so loaded as not to be able to give us a comfortable passage. Mr Pambrun is going by himself next week, and offers us a passage with him.

About noon Mr and Mrs Spalding arrived with their company, having made better progress than was anticipated. Here we are all at Walla Walla, through the mercy of a kind Providence, in health, and all our lives preserved.. Surely, my heart is ready to leap for joy at the thought of being so near the long desired work of teaching the benighted ones the knowledge of the Savior, and having completed this journey under such favorable circumstances. Mr Pambrun told us the day we arrived, that there never had been such a company previous to ours that came into the fort as well fed as ours for the last days of the journey. All our friends of the last company, who knew something about the country, dreaded this part for us, very much, but the Lord has been with us, and provided for us all the way... Another cause for gratitude is the preservation of our animals, in this difficult, dangerous and lengthy route, while many parties previous to ours have had every animal taken from them, and left on foot in a dangerous land, exposed to death. Two horses have given out with fatigue and have been left, two have been stolen or lost, but most that we have now have come all the way from the settlements, and appear well. Two calves have been lost; the remainder came on well, except those we left at Snake Fort.

Sabbath, 4th. This has been a day of mutual thanksgiving with us all. Assembled at the fort at twelve o'clock for worship; our feelings are better imagined than described. This first Sabbath in September, a Sabbath of rest, first after completing a long journey, first in the vicinity of our future labors....

5th. Mr and Mrs Spalding have concluded to go with us to Vancouver. All nothing can be done by either of the party about location until the Indians return from their summer's hunt. Expect to leave tomorrow. We have had exceedingly high winds for two days and nights past, to which this place is subject. Our room shakes, and the wind makes such a noise that we can scarcely hear each other converse.

Sept. 7, 1836. We got off from Walla Walla yesterday at two o'clock P.M. Our boat is an open one, manned with six oars and the steersman. I enjoy it much; it is a very pleasant change in our manner of traveling. The Columbia is a beautiful river. Its waters are clear as crystal and smooth as a sea of glass, exceeding in beauty the Ohio: but the scenery on each side of it is very different. There is no timber to be seen, but there are high perpendicular banks of rocks in some places, while rugged

bluffs and plains of sand in others are all that greet the eye. We sailed until near sunset, when we landed, pitched our tents, supped our tea, bread and butter, boiled ham and potatoes, committed ourselves to the care of a kind Providence, and retired to rest.

This morning we arose before sunrise, embarked and sailed until nine o'clock, and are now landed for breakfast. Mr Pambrun's cook is preparing it, while husband and myself are seated by a little shrub, writing. We are at this moment called. Farewell.

8th. Came last night quite to the Chute (above The Dalles), a fall in the river not navigable. There we slept, and this morning made the portage. All were obliged to land, unload, carry our baggage, and even the boat for half a mile. I had frequently seen the picture of the Indians carrying a canoe, but now I saw the reality. We found plenty of Indians here to assist in making the portage. After loading several with our baggage and sending them on, the boat was capsized, then placed upon the heads of about twenty of them, who marched off with it, with perfect ease. Below the main fall of water are rocks, deep, narrow channels, and many frightful precipices. We walked deliberately among the rocks, viewing the scene with astonishment, for this once beautiful river seemed to be cut up and destroyed by these huge masses of rock. Indeed, it is difficult to find where the main body of water passes. In high water we are told that these rocks are all covered with water, the river rising to such an astonishing height.

After paying the Indians for their assistance, which was a twist of tobacco about the length of a finger to each, we reloaded, went on board, sailed about two miles, and stopped for breakfast. This was done to get away from a throng of Indians. Many followed us, however, to assist in making another portage, three miles below this.

Sept. 8th. We came to The Dalles just before noon. Here our boat was stopped by two rocks of immense size and height, all the water of the river passing between them in a very narrow channel, and with great rapidity. Here we were obliged to land and make a portage of two and a half miles, carrying the boat also. The Dalles is the great resort of Indians of many tribes for taking fish. We did not see many, however, for they had just left.

Now, mother, if I was with you by the fireside, I would relate a scene that would amuse you, and at the same time call forth your sympathies. But for my own gratification I will write it. After we landed, curiosity led us to the top of a rock to see the course of the river through its narrow channel. But as I expected to walk that portage, husband thought it would be giving me too much fatigue to do both. I went with him to its base, to remain there until his return. I took a handful of hazel nuts and thought I would divert myself with cracking and eating them. I had just seated myself in the shade of the rock,

ready to commence work, when feeling something unusual on my neck, I put my hand under my cape and took from thence two insects, which I soon discovered to be fleas. Immediately I cast my eyes upon my dress before me, and to my astonishment, found it was black with these creatures, making all possible speed to lay siege to my neck and ears. This sight made me almost frantic. What to do I knew not. Husband was away, Sister Spalding had gone past hearing, to stand still I could not. I climbed up the rock in pursuit of my husband, who soon saw me and came to me. I could not tell him, but showed him the cause of my distress. On opening the gathers of my dress around the waist every plait was lined with them. Thus they had already laid themselves in ambush for a fresh attack. We brushed and shook, and shook and brushed for an hour, not stopping to kill, for that would have been impossible. By this time they were reduced very considerably, and I prepared to go to the boat. I was relieved from walking by the offer of a horse from a young chief. This was a kindness, for the way was mostly through sand, and the walk would have been fatiguing. I found the confinement of the boat distressing on account of my miserable companions, who would not let me rest for a moment in any one position. But I was not the only sufferer. Every one in the boat was alike troubled, both crew and passengers. As soon as I was able to make a change in my apparel, I found relief. We made fine progress this morning till 9 o'clock, when we were met with a head wind, and obliged to make shore. We met the crew last night with the Western Express. This express goes from and returns to Vancouver twice a year.

Ive. Have lain still all day because of the wind. This is a detention, as we intended to have been at Vancouver by tomorrow evening. A party of Indians came to our camp this eve. Every head was flattened. These are the first that I have seen near enough to be able to examine them. Their eyes have a dull and heavy expression.

10th. High winds, and not able to move at all today.

11th. We came to the Cascades for breakfast; another important fall in the river, where we were obliged to make a portage of a mile. The boat was towed along by the rocks with a rope over the falls. This is another great place for salmon fishing. A boat load was just ready for Vancouver when we arrived. I saw an infant here whose head was in the pressing machine. This was a pitiful sight. Its mother took great satisfaction in unbinding and showing its naked head to us. The child lay upon a board between which and its head was a squirrel skin. On its forehead lay a small, square cushion, over which was a bandage drawn tight around, pressing its head against the board. In this position it is kept three or four months or longer, until the head becomes a fashionable shape. There is a variety of shapes among them, some being sharper than others. I saw a child about a year old whose head had been recently released from pressure, as I supposed from its looks. All the back part of it was of a purple color, as if it had been sadly

bruised. We are told that this custom is wearing away very fast. There are only a few tribes of this river who practice it.

Sept 14th. We arrived at the sawmill five miles from Vancouver, and made preparations for entering it. You may be surprised to hear of a sawmill here, when I said that there was no timber on the Columbia. Since we passed the Cascades the scene is changed, and we are told there is timber all the way to the coast.

Sept. We are now in Vancouver, the New York of the Pacific Ocean. Our first sight as we approached the fort was two ships lying in the harbor, one of which, the Meriade, Captain Hoyal, had just arrived from London. The Columbia, Captain Dandy, came last May, and has since been to the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands and returned. On landing we first met Mr Townsend, whom we saw at Walla Walla. He is from Philadelphia, and has been in the mountains for two years. He is sent here by a society to collect the different species of bipeds and quadrupeds, peculiar to this country. We brought a parcel of letters to him, the first he had received since he had left home. Mr Townsend led us into the Fort. But before we reached the home of the chief factor, Dr. McLoughlin, we were met by several gentlemen, who came to give us a welcome, Mr Douglas, Dr. Tolmie, and Dr. Mc Loughlin, of the Hudson Bay Company, who invited us in, and seated us on the sofa. Soon we were introduced to Mrs McLoughlin and Mrs Douglas, both natives of the country--half-breeds. After chattering a little we were invited to walk in the garden.

What a delightful place this is: what a contrast to the rough, barren and plain, through which we had so recently passed. Here we find fruit of every description, apples, peaches, grapes, pears, plums and fig trees in abundance; also cucumbers, melons, beans, peas, beets, cabbage, tomatoes and every kind of vegetable too numerous to mention. Every part is very neat and tastefully arranged, with fine walks, lined on each side with strawberry vines. At the opposite end of the garden is a good summer house covered with grape vines. Here I must mention the origin of these and apples. A gentleman, twelve years ago, while at a party in London, put the seeds of the grapes and apples which he ate into his vest pocket. Soon afterwards he took a voyage to this country and left them here, and now they are greatly multiplied.

After promenading as much as we wished, and returning, we were met by Mrs Copendel, a lady from England, who arrived in the ship Columbia last May, and Miss Maria, daughter of Dr. Mc Loughlin, quite an interesting young lady. After dinner we were introduced to Rev. Mr Beaver and lady, a clergyman of the Church of England, who arrived last week in the ship Meriade. This is more than we expected when we left home, that we should be privileged with the acquaintance and society of two English ladies. Indeed, we seem to be nearly allied to Old England, for most of the gentlemen of the Company are from there and Scotland.

We have not found Rev. Samuel Parker here, to our great disappointment. He went to Oahu in the ship Columbia, a few weeks before we arrived....

Sept. 11th. This morning visited the school to hear the children sing. It consists of about fifty-one children who have French fathers and Indian mothers. All the laborers here are Canadian French with Indian wives. Indeed, some of the gentlemen of the Company have native wives and have adopted the custom of the country not to allow their wives to eat with them. French is the prevailing language here. English is spoken only by a few.

Just before dinner we went on board the Neriade, the first ship I ever saw. She is a man-of-war, and goes to the Northwest coast soon. The Columbia returns to London this fall. The Company have lost three ships on the coast.

Sept. 14. We were invited to a ride to see the farm--have ridden fifteen miles this afternoon. We visited the barns, stock, etc. They estimated their wheat crops at four thousand bushels this year, peas the same, oats and barley between fifteen and seventeen hundred bushels each. The potato and turnip fields are large and fine. Their cattle are numerous, estimated at 1,000 head in all the settlements. They have swine in abundance, also sheep and goats, but the sheep are of an inferior kind. We find also hens, turkeys and pigeons, but no geese.

You will ask what kind of beds they have here. I can tell you what kind of bed they made for us, and I have since found it a fashionable bed for this country. The bedstead is in the form of a bunk, with rough board bottom, upon which are laid about a dozen of the Indian blankets. These with a pair of pillows, covered with calico cases, constitute our beds, sheets and covering. There are several feather beds in the place, made of the feathers of wild ducks, geese, cranes and the like. There is nothing here suitable for ticking. The best and only material is cross linen sheeting. The Indian ladies make theirs of deer skin. Could we obtain a pair of geese from any quarter, I should think much of them.

Sept. 18. Every day we have something new to see. We went to the store, and found them filled above and below with the cargo of the two ships, all in unbroken bales. They are chiefly Indian goods, and will be sent away this fall to the several different posts of the Company in the ship Neriade. We have found here every article for comfort and durability that we need, but many articles for convenience, and all fancy articles are not here. Visited the dairy also, where we found butter and cheese in abundance. Saw an improvement in the manner of raising cream. Their pans are an oblong square, quite large but shallow, flaring a little, made of wood and lined with tin. In the center is a hole with a long plug. When the cream has risen, they place the pan over a tub or pail, remove the plug, and the milk will run off, leaving only the cream in the pan. I think that these must

be very convenient in a large dairy. They milk between fifty and sixty cows.

On visiting the mill, we did not find it in a high state of improvement. It goes by horsepower, and has a wire bolt. This seemed a hard way of getting bread, but better so than no bread, or to grind by hand. The company have one at Colville that goes by water, five days' ride from Walla Walla, from whence we expect to obtain our flour, potatoes and pork. They have three hundred hogs.

Dr. McLoughlin promises to loan us enough to make a beginning and all the return he asks is that we supply other settlers in the same way. He appears desirous to afford us every facility for living in his power. No person could have received a more hearty welcome or be treated with greater kindness than we have been since our arrival....

Sept. 18. Mr Beaver held two services in a room in Dr. Mc Loughlin's barn today. Enjoyed the privilege much. This form of worship, of the Church of England, differs in no way from that of the Episcopalians in the States. The most of the gentlemen of the Fort are Scotch Presbyterians, very few being Episcopalians. The great mass of the laborers are Roman Catholics, who have three services during the Sabbath, one of which is attended at this house, at which Dr. McLoughlin officiates in French. He translates a sermon or a tract and reads a chapter in the Bible and a prayer. The singing in Mr Beaver's church was done by the children, some of their tunes having been taught them by Rev. Mr Parker, and others by the Mr Shepherd, of the Methodist Mission.

Sept. 19 The question is decided at last, that we stay here about four or five weeks. There is so much baggage to be taken up now, that the boat will be sufficiently loaded without us. Have the cheering promise that our husbands will come for us in a short time if prospered. One thing comforts us, they are as unwilling to leave us as we are to stay, and would not, if it were possible for us to go now. From this we are sure that they will make every effort to return for us soon. We are told that the rainy season will commence soon, and continue through the winter and late in the spring, while at Walla Walla there is none. Vancouver, too, is subject to fever and ague. These are quite good reasons for preferring Walla Walla, even if we had to live in a lodge.

Have been making some necessary purchases for our two Indian boys, Richard and John, which we are glad to do, partly as a reward for their faithful care of the cattle during the journey. We left them at Walla Walla. They regretted our leaving them... Their anxiety to study continues the same, especially Richard. We love them both, and feel deeply interested in their welfare, and shall treat them as our own as long as they deserve it.

Sept. 20. Dr. McLoughlin gave my husband a pair of leather pantaloons today. All the gentlemen here wear them for riding,

for economy. Riding horseback and carrying a gun is very destructive to cloth pantaloons.

Our husbands have been making preparations to leave us today, but have found so much to do that they could not get ready to leave much before tonight. They have concluded to start the boat a short distance and camp, while they, with Mr Pamburn and Mr Gray, remain in the Fort, to leave early in the morning.

Sept. 11. Our friends left us this morning early. One thing I should have mentioned, as decided upon before they left, was the propriety of making two stations. After consideration, it was decided best to do so for several reasons. The Cayuses, as well as the Nez Perces, are very anxious to have teachers among them. They are a numerous tribe, and speak the same language as the Nez Perces. There are other fields open, ready for the harvest, and we wish that there were many more laborers here ready to occupy them immediately. Several places have been recommended, which our husbands intend visiting before they fix upon any place. You will recollect that we had Grand Ronde in view as a location when we left home. Our reasons for not fixing upon that place are insurmountable. The pass in the Blue Mountains is so difficult, and the distance so great that it would be next to impossible to think of obtaining supplies sufficient for our support....

Sept. 12. Dr McLoughlin has put his daughter in my care, and wishes me to hear her recitations. Thus I shall have enough to do for diversion while I stay. I could employ all my time in writing and work for myself if it were not for his wishes.

I have not given you a description of our eatables here. There is such a variety I know not where to begin. For breakfast we have coffee or cocoa, salt salmon and roast ducks with potatoes. When we have eaten our supply of them, our plates are changed and we make a finish on bread and butter.

For dinner we have a greater variety. First we are always treated to a dish of soup, which is very good. All kinds of vegetables in use are taken, chopped fine, and put into water with a little rice and boiled to a soup. The tomatoes are a prominent article, and usually some fowl meat, duck or other kind, is cut fine and added. If it has been roasted once it is just as good (so the cook says), and then spiced to the taste. After our soup dishes are removed, then comes a variety of meats to prove our tastes. After selecting and changing, we change plates and try another, if we choose, and so at every new dish have a clean plate. Roast duck is an every-day dish. Boiled pork, tripe, and sometimes trotters, fresh salmon or sturgeon, yea, articles too numerous to be mentioned. When these are set aside, a nice pudding or an apple pie is next introduced. After this a water- and a muskmelon make their appearance, and last of all cheese, bread or biscuit, and butter are produced to complete the whole. But there is one article on the table I have not yet mentioned and of which I never partake, that is wine....

Sept. 20th. We are invited to ride as often as once a week for exercise, and we generally ride all the afternoon. Today Mrs McLoughlin rode with us. She keeps her old habit of riding gentleman fashion. This is the universal custom of Indian women, and they have saddles with high backs and fronts. We have been recommended to use these saddles, as a more easy way of riding, but we have never seen the necessity of changing our fashion.

I sing about an hour every evening with the children, teaching them new tunes, at the request of Dr. McLoughlin. Thus I am wholly occupied, and can scarcely find as much time as I want to write.

Oct. 18th. The Montreal Express came this afternoon, and a general time of rejoicing it is to every one. News from distant friends, both sad and pleasing.

Mr Spalding has come with it, and brought a letter from my husband filled with pleasing information. The Lord has been with them since they left us, and has prospered them beyond all expectations. They have each selected a location, my husband remains there to build, while Mr Spalding comes after us. Cheering thought this, to be able to make a beginning in our pleasing work so soon.

Nov. 1st, 1836. The Company let us have goods as cheap as can be afforded & cheaper probably than we can get them from the States. They only charged us a hundred per cent more than the prime cost, or England prices. All their goods are of the best quality & will be durable. Husband has obtained a good stove of Mr Pambrun of Walla Walla, & we take up sheet iron enough for the pipe. My tinware has all been made within a week past of the first rate block tin. I have only six large milk pans, coffee & tea pots, candlesticks & molds, covered pails & a boiler, very good, the first of the fashion seen here....

And besides this, the blacksmiths have all been employed in making our farming utensils, etc., and are mostly or quite finished, so that we shall be able to have our accounts closed & goods boxed ready to leave tomorrow....

- * - * -

Thus Narcissa Prentiss Whitman concludes the account of her journey across the continent. While at Vancouver, she made an approximate copy of her diary. The original was sent by ship to her family in New York State; and the copy, to her husband's family. And so this intimate story of the first transcontinental trip ever made by white women was preserved for our information and enjoyment. In all, more than a hundred of her letters have been found; and many of them, including the diary, have been returned to Washington and are now in the Whitman College Library at Walla Walla. Space does not permit

reproducing them all here. Most of those that have been included have been taken from MARCUS WHITMAN--PATHFINDER and PATRIOT by Myron Bells. Any apparent discrepancies between these and copies reproduced elsewhere may be due to the fact that accounts which Mrs Whitman sent to her family tended to be a bit more personal than those addressed to her husband's people.

On 3 November 1836 the party, with all their essential supplies, started up the Columbia in two boats. The trip took ten days. Narcissa remained at Fort Walla Walla until 10 December, when they moved to the new home that Dr. Whitman had constructed at the mission site.

The story of the ensuing eleven years of mission life is briefly told in the accompanying pamphlet WHITMAN NATIONAL MONUMENT issued by the National Park Service. A more complete story is given in several books listed in the bibliography.

Page 13, II: GEORGE DENISON[7] PRENTICE, 1802-1870, son of RUFUS[6] PRENTICE, 1776-1[illegible], and wife [illegible], was born at Preston, Connecticut (see upper left corner of map, p. 1[illegible]). He graduated from Brown University, Providence, R. I., in 18[illegible]. In 1830 he moved to Kentucky, where he established the Louisville COURIER-JOURNAL. It was as editor of this paper through the ensuing years that he won his greatest fame. During the War between the States he played the difficult role of a Union editor in a border state. His writing, however, was not confined to newspaper editorials, but included considerable poetry as well.

Recently (1947-48) the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company has given wide distribution to a folder advertising "Chronotherm," an automatic clock thermostat for controlling home heating systems. On the cover of this folder, under a reproduction of the ancient town-hall clock of Prague, is the quotation "Time Knows Not the Weight of Sleep or Weariness" and the surname "Prentice." An inquiry to the company brought the reply from their Sales Promotion department that this line was taken from FORTY THOUSAND QUOTATIONS (p.1788) compiled by Charles [illegible]. Douglas. Actually the line is extracted from THE CLOSING YEAR, probably the best known poem by George D. Prentice. The poem in its entirety is given below:

THE CLOSING YEAR

'Tis midnight's holy hour--and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep notes are swelling. 'Tis the knell
Of the departed year.
No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,

That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand--
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks--and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.
'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away--
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters the dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.
The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow on each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the mighty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
Flashed in the light of midday--and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green with the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a breath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.
Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity. On, still on
He presses and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag--but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,

And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries;
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,
To dazzle in the trackless void; yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

- * - * -

B I B L I O G R A P H Y

(Continued from page 58)

SOLDIERS IN KING PHILIP'S WAR, George M. Bodge.

HISTORY OF NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, Francis Jackson.

HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, Lucius R. Paige.

EIGHT GENERATIONS, William Kelly Prentice.

EARLY MEMORIES OF SAUGATUCK, MICHIGAN, May Francis Heath.

PRENTIS [illegible], Edmund Astley Prentis, Jr.

AMERICAN ARMOURY AND BLUEBOOK, John Matthews.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA, A. N. Marquis Company.

DEACON WHITE'S INDEX, [illegible] W. Brown.

YOUR FAMILY TREE, Jordon and Kimball.

HOW MARCUS WHITMAN SAVED OREGON, Oliver W. Nixon.

WHITMAN'S RIDE THROUGH SAVAGE LANDS, Oliver W. Nixon.

WE MUST MARCH, Honoré Willsie Morrow.

ON TO OREGON! Honoré Willsie Morrow.

NARCISSA WHITMAN, Jeanette Eaton.

MARCUS WHITMAN, M.D., Clifford Merrill Drury.

MARCUS WHITMAN, CRUSADER, A. B. & D. P. Hulbert.

WAIILATPU--ITS RISE AND FALL, Miles Cannon.

MARCUS WHITMAN--WATERFINDER AND PATRIOT, Myron Eells.

THE SOUTH IN HISTORY AND LITERATURE, Mildred L. Rutherford.

INDEX OF NAMES

Supplement No. 1

(for index to original text see pp. 59--66)

Acton, Elizabeth, 68
" Osborn, 68
Aitz, John, 92, 96, 100, 103, 106, 110, 120
Allis, Mr, 98
Ames, Phoebe, 77
Andrathy, Charles Joseph, 88
" Mary Alene, 88
" Patrick Noble, 88
Angier, Mary, 74
Appleton, Margaret, 74
Arnold, Benedict, 75
Atherton, Dr. Israel, 75
" Rebecca, 75
Audley, Edmund, 88
Baldwin, Elizabeth, 77
" Maria Woodward, 71
Barclay, Jimmie, 88
Beaver, Rev. Mr, 118, 120
Beaver, Mrs, 118
Belcher, Mildred Kathryn, 72
Best, Katherine Farnham, 78
Billings, Abigail, 90,91
" Mary, 76
Binney, Charles, 67, 82, 83, 84
Bishop, Kate Bacon, 77
Black, Arthur, 68
" Genevra Eveline, 68
Bodge, Rev. George M., 69
Bowdoin, Margaret, 84
Brocklebank, Captain, 69
Brooke, Ann, 84
" John, 84
" Mary, 84
Brown, Agnes, 85, 86
" Elizabeth, 68, 85, 86, 87, 88, 90
" Georgiana, 86
" Lilly, 81, 90
" James Stewart, 81, 90
" John, 85, 86, 90
" John ..., 68, 85, 86
" Lilly, 85, 86
" Lucy, 85
" Mary, 85
" Robert D., 68, 85, 86
Brown, Robin, 86
" S. Allen, 85, 86
" Stewart, 85, 86
" Stirling Wilson, 68, 86
" Thomas, 68, 85, 86
" William S., 85
Bubier, Grace, 74
Burdick, Betsey, 81, 90
Burns, Robert, 86
Calley, Mary, 74
Cantrill, Abra Blanch, 72
Celan, Mr, 97
Chapman, John W., 68
Charlemagne, 89, 90, 91
Cheney, Philena, 71
Colby, Jonathon Prentice, 78
" Mary Osborne, 78
Cole, Ida Bernice, 84
Copendel, Mrs, 118
Cruse, Anne Randolph, 76
" Comdr. James H., 76
Cutter, Esther, 73, 91
Dandy, Captain, 118
Davis, Sarah Nichols, 73
Denison, Lucy, 76
" Phebe E., 67, 68
Dickenson, Martha F., 74
Dougherty, Major, 100
Douglas, Charles N., 123
Douglas, Mr, 118
" Mrs, 118
Downer, Anna, 77
Drake, Elizabeth, 90, 91
Dulin, Mr, 97
Dunbar, Mr, 98, 100
Dunn, Hepzibah, 70, 74
Dunton, Hepzibah, 70, 74
Dells, Byron, 123
Ellsworth, Clare, 73
Emmett, Bill, 88
Ettinger, Richard Prentice, 72
Eugenius, King, 89, 90
Farnham, Mary Louise, 77
Fitch, Lucy Smith 67, 68
Fitzpatrick, Captain, 97
Fortener, Helen Celia, 68
Gaines, Holdfast, 78

Garned, King, 69, 80
Giffin, Patricia Moore, 74
Gilbert, Benjamin DeRacy, 72
" Mary Adeline, 72
Gillette, Laura, 76
Glenny, Alice Burwell, 71
Gordon, Emily, 73
Grant, Mrs, 86, 87, 88
Gray, William H., 92 to 121
Green, Alice Rose, 68
" Lowell, 68
Haley, Mary, 74
Hamill, Maria Woodward, 71
Hammond, Esther, 70
" Thomas, 70
Harris, Major, 97
Hart, Eliza, 97 to 122
Hawse, Alexander, 76
Hayley, Elizabeth, 74
Heath, May Francis, 79
Henchman, Captain, 89
Hills, Julia E., 77
Hotchkiss, Mary Potter, 76
Howard, Martha, 71
Hull, Anne Randolph, 76
Huntt, Elizabeth, 68
Huntt, Mary Ramonia, 88, 89
" William, 88
Isham, Mary Adeline, 71
Jackson, Dea. Edward, Jr., 67
Jackson, Elizabeth, 67
" Francis, 69
Jean, Dolly, 74
Jenkins, Maria C., 75, 76
" Mary Sarah, 75
Jennison, Mary or Mercy, 75
Jewett, Sarah R., 74
Johnson, Mae, 67
" Roscoe, 67
Keith, Maria T., 75
Kelly, Florence, 71
Kentuck, 106
Kincaid, Frank, 86
" Georgiana, 86
Loomis, "Mother," 99, 101
Lory, Fanny L., 74
Lusk, Frances C., 85
McAlpin, Kenneth, 89, 90
Marston, Susan A., 76
Mathiesen, Lilly, 88, 90
McFadden, Josephine, 76
McKay, Thomas, 108 to 109
McLeod, John, 102 to 115
McLoughlin, Dr. John, 118-122
McLoughlin, Mrs John, 118, 122
" Maria, 118, 121
McNeir, Janet, 72
McNutt, Margaret Morton, 84
Meister, Abbie, 79, 80
Merrill, Mr, 100
Miles, Mr, 97
Moore, Charlotte, 74
Neilson, Clare, 73
Nixon, Oliver W., 73
Olson, Lucy, 85
Paige, Lucius R., 67
Pambrun, P. C., 113 to 122
" Mrs P. C., 115
Parker, Rev. Samuel, 96, 99, 110, 119, 120
Parker, Mrs, 96
Parmalee, Jemima, 71, 73
Patterson, Mr & Mrs, 78
Penn, Nancy B., 80
Pflieger, Janet, 72
Phillip, King, 69, 70
Prentice, Abigail, 73, 80, 91
" Abra, 73
" Agnes Elizabeth, 90
" Alexander, 76
" Alice Burwell, 71
" Alta, 71
" Alta Rockefeller, 72
" Anna, 75, 77
" Barbara, 78
" Bernon Sheldon, 73
" Betsey, 81, 90
" C. W., 72, 73
" Carl Mortimer, 87
" Carolyn Sumner, 72
" Catherine, 77
" Charles, 77
" Charles Henry, 77
" Charles Hills, 77
" Charles Mortimer 87
" Clara Felicia, 77
" Clare, 73
" Daniel, 73, 76
" Daniel Albert, 77
" David Hendry, 76
" Dr. Donald Bishop, 77, 83
" Dorothy Jean, 73
" Elizabeth, 67, 70, 74, 77, 91
" Ella Crawford, 73
" Esther, 70, 73, 91
" Flora Parmalee, 71, 72, 82, 85
" Florence, 71
" George Denison, 123

Prentice, George John, 68
" Harriet, 77
" Helen Celia, 68
" Henry, 70, 73, 74, 75, 91
" Hepzibah, 70, 74
" Ida May, 81, 90
" Dr. James Otis, 75
" Janet, 72
" Jemima, 71, 73
" Joan, 70, 71, 91
" John, 71, 75, 79, 90
" John Hill, 73
" John Rockefeller, 7[illegible]
" Jon[illegible]s, 76
" Jos[illegible]phine, 73
" Joseph [illegible]arren, 80, 81, [illegible], 90
" Joshua, 69, 90
" Julia [illegible]., 77
" [illegible]te Bacon, 77
" [illegible]therine [illegible]arman, 73
" Laura, 76, 77
" Letitia, 73
" Lucy, 76
" Lucy Smith, 67, 68
" Lydia, 70, 73, 91
" Lydia Beekman, 73
" [illegible]ae, 67
" [illegible]ria, 67
" [illegible]ria Woodward, 71
" Martha, 71
" Mary, 75, 76, 91
" Mary Adeline, 71, 72
" Mary Ann, 67, 79, 80
" Mary Atwater, 76
" Mary Louise, 77
" Mary Osborne, 78
" Mercy, 75
" Michael [illegible]artell, 72
" Mildred [illegible]arbara, 73
" Mildred Kathryn, 72
" Nathaniel Partell, 70
" [illegible]anel, 73
" Phebe E., 67, 68
" Philena, 71, 76
" Philena Jane, 77
" Phoebe, 77
" Pierrepont [illegible]ason, 73
" Rebecca, 73, 78, 79, 80
" Rufus, 1[illegible]
" Dea. Samuel, 80, 91
" Samuel, Jr., 70, 76, 90
" Sarah, 70, 1[illegible]
Prentice, Sarah Nichols, 73
" Partell, 71, 72, 73
" Sheldon Ellsworth, 73
" Solomon, 70, 73, 74, 91
" Spelman, 72
" Stanton, 75
" Stephen, 73, 91
" Submitt, 71
" Capt. Thomas I, 67, 69, 70, 75, 89, 90
" Thomas III, 67
" Thomas, 77
" Warren, 67, 78, 79, 80, 81, 83, 90
" Warren Stewart, 90
" Willard Jenison, 83, 90
" William Hendry, 76, 77
" William Henry, 81, 83
" William Kelly, 70, 71
" William Packer, 71
" Mrs. Waterly Packer, 73
Prentice-Hall, Inc., 73
Prentis, Edmund, 83
" Edmund Astley, Jr., 83, 84
" Frances C., 85
" Garnett T., 85
" Henning Webb, 84, 85
" Ida Bernice, 84
" Joseph, 84
" Margaret, 84
" Margaret Ann, 84
" Margaret Morton, 84
" Mary, 84
" Morton C., 85
" Morton McHutt, 84, 85
" Robert Riddick, 84
" Susan Caroline, 84
" William, 84
Prentiss, Alfred Gordon, 74
" Andrew Morgan, 75
" Anne Randolph, 76
" Rev. Augustin, 76
" Col. Augustin Mitchell, 76
" Gen. Augustin Mitchell, 76
" Charlotte, 74
" Clarissa, 91
" Dolly, 74
" Edward, 87, 88, 108, 110
" Emily, 73
" Fanny L., 74
" Grace, 74
" Harriet, 88, 107, 108
" Henry, 74
" Henry James, 74, 75

Prentiss, Jane, [illegible], 94
" Janet Stearns, 74
" Jeffrey Otis, 75
" Lieut. Joshua, 74
" Rev. Joshua, 74
" Lory, 73, 74
" Lucy, 74
" Margaret, 74
" Maria, 75, 76
" Martha W., 74
" Mary, 74
" Mary Sarah, 75
" Minnie, 76
" Narcissa, 73, 91 to 123
" Patricia Moore, 74
" Gen. Paul H., 74
" Dr. Robert Jerome, 75
" [illegible]arah Harriet, 75
" [illegible]rah H., 74
" Stephen, 91
" [illegible]us, 73
" Rev. [illegible]. Otis, 75, 76
Prentys, Henry, [illegible]
Pope, Alice [illegible]e, 65
Rand, Elizabeth, 74
Rathbun, Abbie, 79, 80
" Genevra Eveline, 88
" Harry Comstock, 88
" Nancy B., 80
" Rebecca, 73, 79
" Warren, 79, 80, 81
Redmond, Mae, 67
Reynolds, Sarah Harriet, 75
Riddick, Susan Caroline, 84
Roby, Agnes Elizabeth, 90
" John, 89
" Mary Alene, 88
Rockefeller, Alta, 71
" John D., 71
Rottenbelly, Chief, 108, 110
Howe, Anna, 75
" Christopher, 75
Royal, Captain, 118
Royce, Philena, 77
Russell, Maria, 67
Ryan, Dorothy Jean, 72
" John, 78
Ryder, Letitia, 73
Sartell, Nathaniel, 70
" Sarah, 70
Satterlee, Dr., 95
" Mrs, 95
Sheldon, Ella Crawford, 73
Shepard, Odell, 78
" Willard, 78
Shepherd, Mr, 120
Smead, Philena, 77
Smith, John, 78, 79
Spalding, Eliza, 92 to 122
" Rev. Henry H., 92 to 122
Spondana, Princess, 89, 90
Stanley, Abigail, 73
Stearns, Lucy, 74
Stevens, Edmund, 83
" Rebecca, 75
Stewart, Captain, 97
Stone, Mary Edmonia, 88, 89
Tak-ah-too-ah-tis, Richard, 92, 94, 96, 99, 100, 103, 110, 120
Temoni, Samuel, 99, 100
Thompson, Christopher, 80
Tinker, Mary Ann, 67, 79, 80
Tolmie, Dr., 118
Townsend, Mr, 113, 115, 118
Trainor, Harriet, 77
Turner, Mary, 91
Vanderpoel, Lydia, 72
Wadsworth, Captain, 69
Waite, Clara Felicia, 77
Wallace, Gen. Lew, 89
Ward, Clarissa, 91
Whaley, Minnie, 76
White, Deacon, 86, 87, 88
" Nancy, 87, 88
Whitehead, Margaret Ann, 84
Whitman, Alice Clarissa, 91
" Dr. Marcus, 76, 91 to 123
Wyeth, Captain, 105

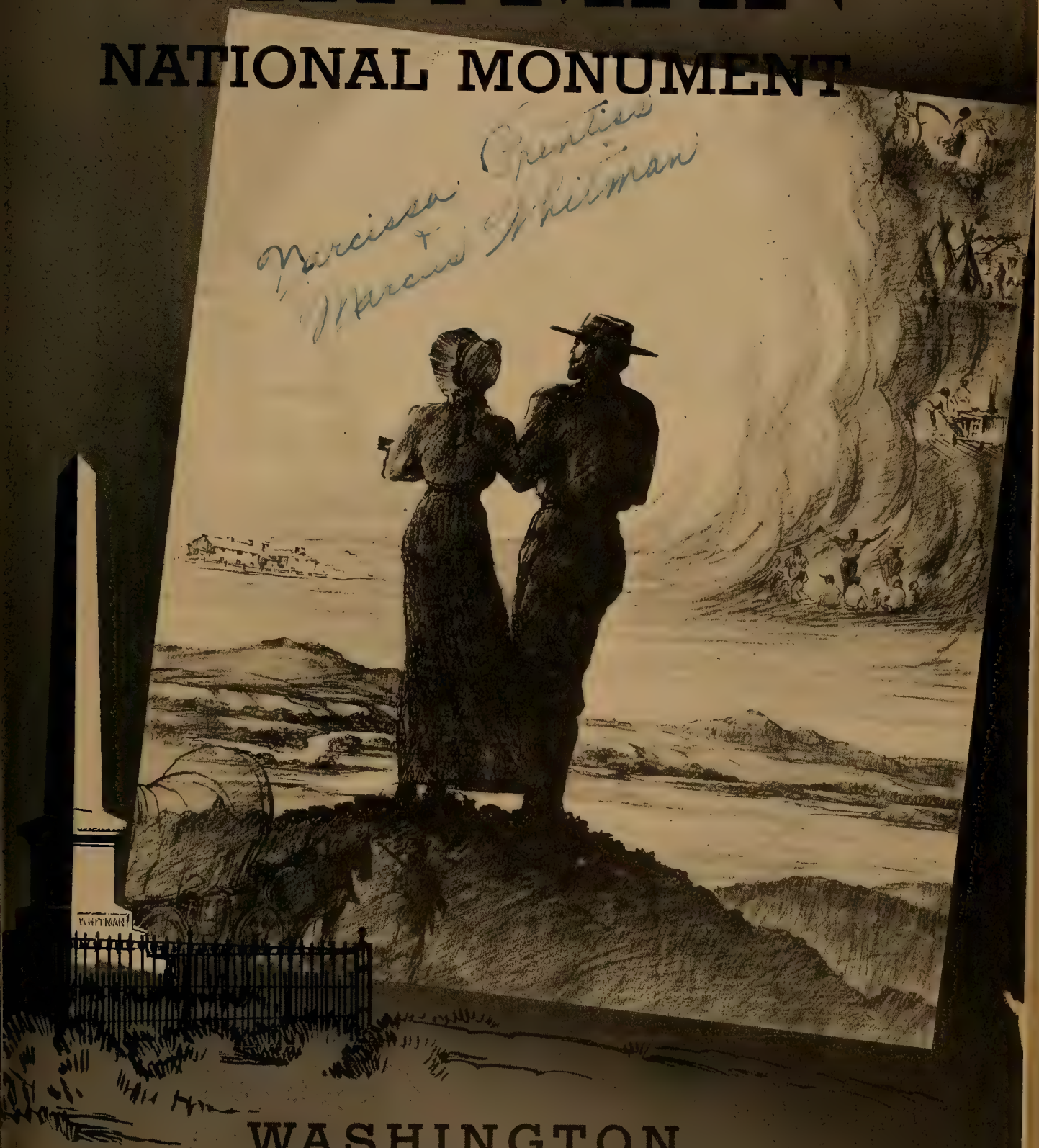
- * - * -

(for index to original text see pp. 59--66)

- * - * -

WHITMAN

NATIONAL MONUMENT



WASHINGTON

The Whitman Mission site today. Looking southeast, the trees in right center are on the site of the "Mission House." The dikes of the millpond are to the right of the horses in left center.

Contents

	Page
American Missionary Interest in Oregon	3
The Whitmans Head Westward	5
The New Life Begins	6
Troubled Days at the Mission	8
Whitman Rides East	9
The Immigration of 1843	9
Growth of the Mission	11
The Massacre	11
An Estimate of Whitman	14
The Mission Site Today	15
How To Reach the Monument	15
Public Service and Facilities	15
Administration	15

THE COVER

Symbolical sketch of Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman approaching Waiilatpu, the scene of their mission endeavors among the Cayuse Indians, 1836–1847. The background scenes portray various aspects in the history of the mission—buildings, religious instruction and teaching, domestic life, and agriculture. (Drawing by Cecil J. Doty, Architect, National Park Service.)

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
J. A. KRUG, *Secretary*
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE, NEWTON B. DRURY, *Director*

For sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C., price 10 cents

WHITMAN NATIONAL MONUMENT

Dr. Marcus Whitman and his wife, Narcissa—martyred in 1847—here ministered to the spiritual and physical needs of the Cayuse Indians and the immigrants of the Oregon Trail

WAIILATPU, the site of the mission founded in 1836 by Dr. Marcus Whitman and Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, his wife, was one of the noteworthy landmarks on the Oregon Trail. There the Whitmans symbolized the noblest of the pioneers who colonized the West. Through their self-sacrifice and devotion to duty, the germ of Christianity was given to a heathen people, and the first Protestant church west of the Rocky Mountains was founded. By their patience and example, the rudiments of agriculture, animal husbandry, irrigation, and letters were taught. Kind and generous, they offered a haven to the traveler. Their courage and faith were confirmed by the fact that they were willing to give up their lives in order that an enlightened people might survive them. Through their indomitable spirit, energy, and determination, the American civilization was carried to remote regions and thus contributed to our settlement of the West. As hallowed ground of the past, this mission site, established as a national monument by act of Congress in 1936, reminds us of our debt to these pioneers.

American Missionary Interest in Oregon

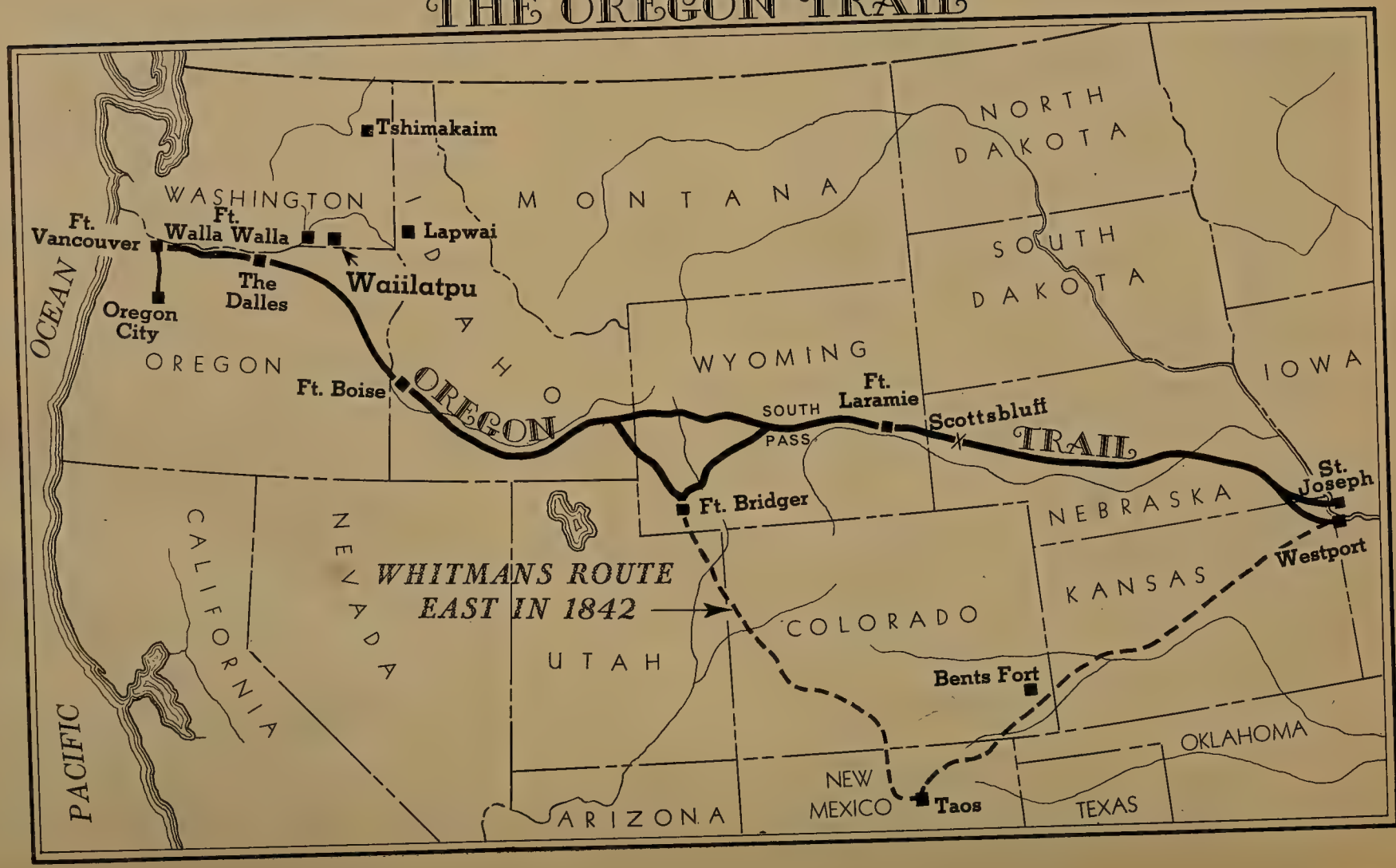
UNTIL THE TREATY OF 1846 finally resolved the differences of the nations that claimed the "Oregon Country" and extended the boundary of the United States along the 49th parallel to the Pacific Ocean, that region lying west of the Rocky Mountains and between Mexican California and Russian Alaska was in a sense "No-Man's Land." In 1818, a treaty of "Joint Occupancy" left the Oregon country open to nationals of the United States and Great Britain alike. Shortly thereafter, in 1819, Spain gave up her claims to the region north of 42°; and by the treaties of St. Petersburg in 1824 and 1825 Russia relinquished her claims south of 54°40′.

American claims to the Oregon country were based upon the discovery of the Columbia River by Robert Gray (1792), the explorations of Lewis and Clark (1803–1806), establishment of fur-trading posts by Astor's Pacific Fur Company (1811), and the relinquishment of Spanish rights to the coast north of 42° by the Adams-Onís Treaty for the Purchase of Florida (1819). Although it was recognized that the control of Oregon rested in the hands of the powerful

Artist's conception of Waiilatpu in 1847, looking from the south.

SKETCH MAP OF

THE OREGON TRAIL



British Hudson's Bay Company, the interest of the United States in the region by the 1820's was not entirely lacking. American traders, adventurers, and explorers had reported on the country; and as early as 1829 the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions sent the Reverend Jonathan Greene to investigate the potentialities of Oregon as a field for Protestant missionary activity.

Missionary interest was actually fired into action by the publication in the New York *Christian Advocate and Journal* for March 1833 of an account of the visit to St. Louis by a delegation of Flathead and Nez Perce Indians from west of the Rocky Mountains asking for Christian teachers. The American Board, organized by the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches in 1812, and supported by the Dutch Reformed and Associate Reformed Churches, soon found candidates ready to enter this far-off field. Among the most willing was Dr. Marcus Whitman, who enlisted with the Board as a medical missionary. Whitman, born at Rushville, N. Y., on September 4, 1802, was well prepared for his work, having been granted a medical degree in 1832 by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Western District of New York.

In the spring of 1835, Whitman accompanied the Reverend Samuel Parker to the American fur traders' rendezvous on the Green River, in what is now western Wyoming. After talks with the Nez Perce and Flathead Indians there, these advance agents were convinced of the promise of the missionary field. It was agreed that while Parker continued his explorations westward Whitman should return East to arrange for the immediate establishment of a mission among the Flathead and Nez Perce.

The Whitmans Head Westward

ARRIVING in New York with two Indian boys, Whitman obtained speedy approval of his plans by the Board in Boston. In March 1836, accompanied by Narcissa Prentiss Whitman (another applicant in the field, whom he married on February 18, 1836), the Reverend Henry H. Spalding and his wife, Eliza Hart Spalding, and the two Indian boys, Whitman set out for Oregon. W. H. Gray, a lay member, joined them on the way.

Most people in the eastern part of the United States in the 1830's regarded the West as wild and dangerous country, to be entered by only the most venturesome. The chances for permanent settlement appeared remote. Granted that settlement was possible, it seemed an impossible task to transport women and children in wagons across the so-called "Great American Desert," west of the Mississippi River. Thus, it was an occasion of some historical importance when it was decided to send missionaries with their wives across the continent to establish missions among the Indians of the Oregon country. Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Spalding, the first American women to cross the continent, seemed unaware of the momentous nature of their undertaking. The women considered the trip more in the nature of a call to duty which overshadowed any idea of adventure.

The 1,900-mile journey westward from New York to Liberty, Mo., partly by steamboat, was comparatively easy. The next half of the journey by land to Fort Walla Walla, some 30 miles west of the modern city of Walla Walla, Wash., proved more difficult. Averaging 15 to 30 miles a day, the little party ascended the Platte River and finally reached the fur traders' rendezvous on the Green River. Traveling in two wagons, they carried with them a variety of seeds for gardens, and drove a small herd of cattle. Fortunately, they were able to make a large part of their journey in company with fur trappers of the American Fur Company.

At the rendezvous the white women were a sensation. Most of the Indians there had never seen white

The confluence of the Walla Walla and Columbia Rivers. Here was located Fort Walla Walla, which the Whitmans reached on September 1, 1836.

women before, and it had been years since many of the white fur trappers had seen any. Using the time and occasion to good advantage, Whitman and Spalding held religious services to which the trappers thronged. At this same rendezvous, the Nez Perce and Flathead reiterated their desire for the missionaries to teach them.

Having reached the rendezvous on the Green River with only the smaller of the two wagons—one had been left at Fort Laramie (southeastern Wyoming)—the Whitmans and Spaldings continued westward with traders of the Hudson's Bay Company. One of the chiefs of the Nez Perce Indians, Tachensuates by name, also went with them.

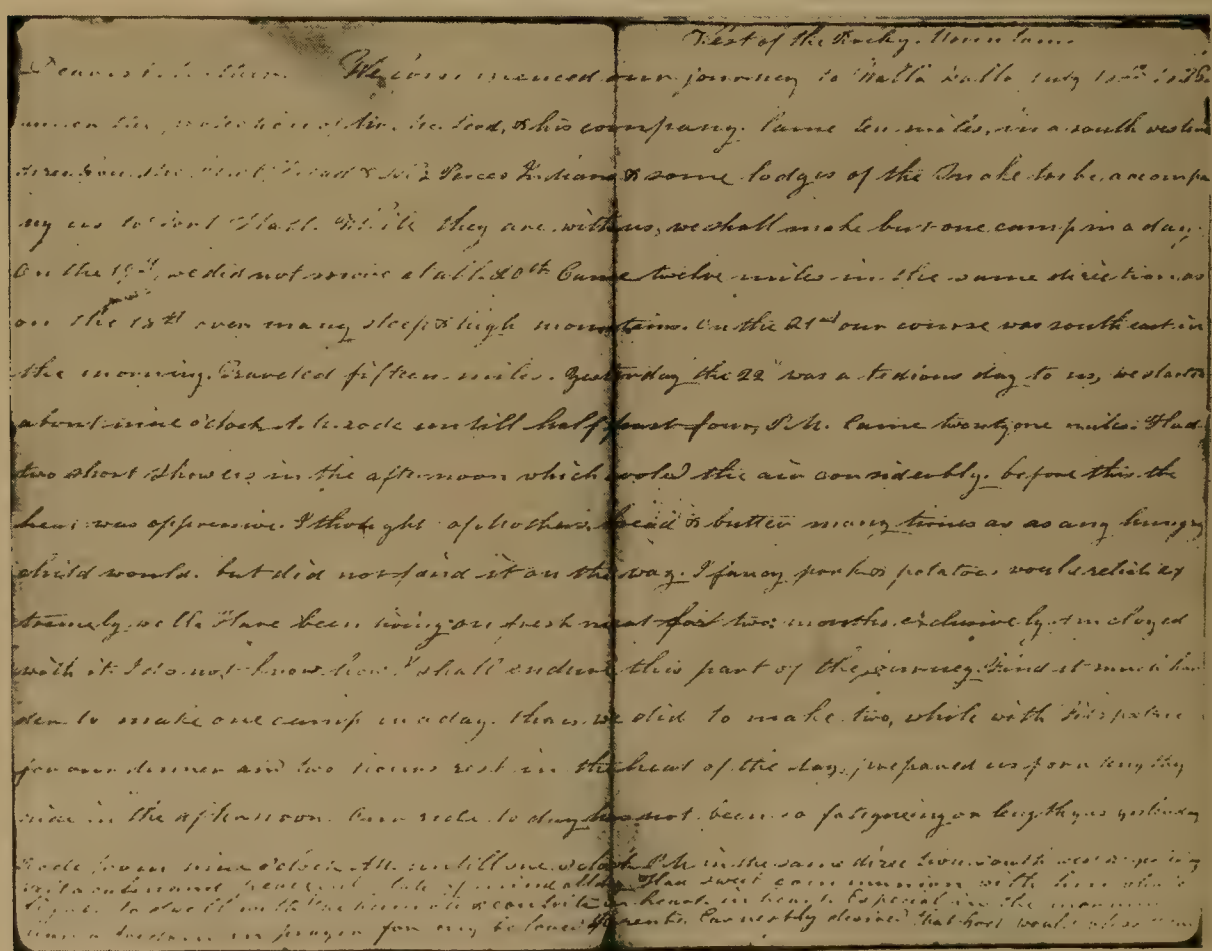
The way became increasingly difficult. Often the heavily laden wagon overturned and was righted only with great effort. Frequently the little party found it necessary to discard supplies to lighten the load. Finally the front axle broke. After converting the back wheels into a cart, they passed Fort Hall and reached Fort Boise in Idaho, where they were forced to abandon it. Although unable to take wagons all the way to the Columbia, the Whitmans and the Spaldings had succeeded in extending a wagon route many miles farther west than anyone had done before.

The New Life Begins

THE WHITMANS reached Fort Walla Walla, at the confluence of the Columbia and Walla Walla Rivers, on September 1, 1836; and the Spaldings arrived with the cattle on September 3. They were now at the Columbia River, the symbol of their long-cherished dreams. At Fort Walla Walla they were hospitably received by Pierre Pambrun, the trader of the Hudson's Bay Company; and after resting for a few days, they were sent by him in a boat down the Columbia to Fort Vancouver, now the site of Vancouver, Wash., which they reached on September 12. There they were entertained by Dr. John McLoughlin, the chief factor, who was high in his praise of the first American women to cross the continent.

While their wives stayed at Fort Vancouver, Whitman and Spalding retraced their steps up the Columbia to establish their missions. Whitman, on McLough-

The first page of Narcissa Whitman's diary of her trip westward in 1836.



lin's advice, decided to settle among the Cayuse Indians at Waiilatpu, "Place of Rye Grass," about 25 miles up the Walla Walla River from Fort Walla Walla, and Spalding at Lapwai among the Nez Perce near the junction of Lapwai Creek and Clearwater River, about 10 miles east of the present Lewiston, Idaho. Spalding remained with Whitman at Waiilatpu until November 22, when he, Mrs. Spalding, and Gray journeyed on to Lapwai. A house 30 by 36 feet had been partly built at Waiilatpu, the log lean-to, part of which was sufficiently finished to provide two bedrooms, a kitchen, and a pantry. Housekeeping was begun by the Whitmans on December 10.

By the summer of 1837, Dr. Whitman had 16 acres planted—2 acres in peas, 12 in corn, and 2 in potatoes. The virgin soil gave bountiful return, and he was able to repay the Hudson's Bay Company much of what they had provided him the previous fall. The section of the house adjoining the lean-to had been completed by filling in the wooden framework with adobe bricks. In this building Alice Clarissa Whitman was born on March 14, 1837. The first American girl born west of the Rocky Mountains, she proved a being of great interest to the Indians, who had never before seen white women, much less a new-born white child. Becoming fond of her, they called her "Cayuse tenni" (Cayuse Girl), because she had been born on Cayuse land.

Meanwhile, some progress had been made in educating the Indians. The Cayuse, eager to learn, attended a small school conducted by Mrs. Whitman. After some months, the missionaries mastered enough of the native language to carry on a limited conversation. Many of the Indians were persuaded to attend Sunday religious meetings. Perhaps the greatest stride was made, however, when the Cayuse began to plant their own crops. As Dr. Whitman soon learned, the teaching of agriculture was an essential preliminary to the christianizing of the Indians. The interest of the Indians who took up the work soon increased the demand for hoes and plows beyond the available supply.

In August 1838, several missionary reinforcements arrived from the East. These were the Reverends Cushing Eells and Elkanah Walker and their wives, who established a mission at Tshimakain, about 30 miles northwest of present-day Spokane; the Reverend Asa B. Smith and his wife, who established one at Kamiah, some 70 miles east of Lapwai on the Clearwater River; and Mrs. W. H. Gray, who with her husband remained at Waiilatpu. Dr. Whitman, responsible for the sick in all four missions, sometimes found it necessary to ride more than 150 miles to visit a patient. On the eve of the arrival of these reinforcements, the first Protestant Church west of the Rocky Mountains was founded at Waiilatpu on August 18, 1838. After these additions to the mission community arrived, the Columbia Maternal Association, the first woman's club on the Pacific Coast, was also organized.

In the fall of 1838 a new and larger house was constructed at Waiilatpu. This was on higher ground about 75 feet north of the one built earlier. The first house had been found to be dangerously close to the river and subject to partial inundation from floods. The new house, constructed of adobe walls 18 inches thick, was shaped like a capital "T." The dimensions (later enlarged) were 19 by 40 feet for the front, and 22 by 30 feet for the ell. The roof was of poles covered with straw and about 8 inches of dirt.

Despite their progress at Waiilatpu, the Whitmans suffered the inconveniences and sorrows of the frontier. In addition to the terrible isolation, the difficulties connected with correspondence with the East, and the uncertain wanderings of the Indians, most of what they raised went to help out the other missions as well as the Indians. At times, they resorted to eating horse meat because of the lack of other food. Their greatest sorrow was experienced with the drowning of their 2-year-old daughter, Alice Clarissa, on June 23, 1839, in the Walla Walla River, not far from the house.

Rye grass still grows on the mission site, which the Indians called Waiilatpu, "Place of the Rye Grass."

The Walla Walla River south of the site of Whitman's Mission.

Troubled Days at the Mission

By 1840, affairs had assumed a fairly even pattern at Waiilatpu. Whitman, however, in writing to the Reverend David Greene, Secretary of the American Board, in March 1840, recorded a growing change in the attitude of the Cayuse. Not only were the Indians exhibiting a "spirit of independence" but, as Whitman wrote: "They appear . . . that it *was* to accommodate *us* that they plant and cultivate their lands."

Nevertheless, some progress was made in teaching. During the winter Mrs. Whitman had had an average of 10 pupils; and with the return of most of the Indians during the spring, from 30 to 50 were in attendance, with both Dr. Whitman and his wife teaching. To aid them in their work, a book had been printed for instruction purposes. This, an edition of 800 copies and containing 52 pages, was written by Messrs. Smith and Cornelius Rogers in the Nez Perce language. An improvement over an earlier edition written by Spalding, it was printed at Lapwai.

An event of considerable importance in Oregon Trail history occurred in 1840 with the trek of the first wagons to the Columbia River Valley. To accomplish the feat, Messrs. Newell, Wilkins, Craig, and Meek, all former trappers, were forced to remove the wagon beds, which hampered progress of the wagons through the tall sagebrush. The men, exhausted when they reached Waiilatpu, expressed regret at having undertaken to bring the wagons. Whitman, however, realizing the importance of the deed, exclaimed: "O you will never regret it. You have broken the ice, and when others see that wagons have passed they too will pass, and in a few years the valley will be full of people." The wagoners went on to the Willamette Valley, and were among the first Americans to settle there. Events already signaled the approach of the great Oregon Trail migration.

The location of Waiilatpu, so near to Fort Walla Walla, made it convenient for travelers to stop at the mission. Because of this, Whitman, after 1841, was faced with a growing number of visitors. He was forced to take care of their wants, thereby depleting his own resources.

The difficulties at the mission were emphasized in complaints sent to the American Board by various individuals. Lack of harmony also existed among the missionaries. Smith, discouraged because of ill health and poor results at Kamiah, had written in August 1839 complaining of the few Indians to be converted. Gray was discontented over his failure to secure a separate mission and wrote favoring the closing of the mission at Waiilatpu. Spalding expressed for a time a spirit of noncooperation, largely because of antagonism toward Mrs. Whitman, who, it was said, had rejected his hand in marriage several years prior to coming west.

The Indians themselves were becoming troublesome. The "spirit of independence" noted by Whitman in the spring of 1840 was increasing. By 1841 they had openly insulted the whites at Waiilatpu on more than one occasion. Once when Gray was working on a building, they demanded pay for the wood and timber he was using. At other times they pastured their horses in the corn and potato fields. On one of these occasions one of the Indians struck Dr. Whitman twice when he remonstrated.

During a meeting at Fort Walla Walla on October 4, 1841, Archibald McKinlay, who had succeeded Pambrun, threatened not to trade with the Cayuse if

they persisted in bothering the Whitmans. Furthermore, he indicated that he would send to Fort Vancouver to have them punished by armed forces under Dr. McLoughlin. The Indians promised to behave in the future, and during another meeting with Whitman, on October 5, they agreed not to try to force payment for the lands and wood used by the mission.

Whitman Rides East

BECAUSE of dissension among the members of the Oregon missions, and rival operations of Methodists, Catholics, and the Hudson's Bay Company, but particularly on account of financial difficulties resulting from the panic of 1837, the American Board in February 1842 decided to reduce the Oregon missions. The stations at Waiilatpu and Lapwai were to be abandoned, Whitman was to be transferred to Tshimakain, and Spalding was to be recalled.

The missionaries had settled their differences, however, in a meeting in June 1842, before the receipt of the Board's orders. On receiving them, another meeting was called, during which Whitman volunteered to represent their cause in person before the Board in Boston. Undaunted by the fact that much of his trip would be made in the most severe part of the winter, he set out on October 2 with A. L. Lovejoy, a recent immigrant.

The two men found it necessary, because of unfriendly tribes on the South Pass route, to make a long detour southward, past Fort Uintah in Utah, and across southwestern Colorado to Taos, N. Mex. Near what is now Gunnison, Colo., they nearly lost their lives fording the Colorado River. In the mountainous country near Taos their food gave out. After eating their pack mules and, finally, their dog, they were near starvation. Fortunately, a party of hunters discovered them and they were led safely to Taos. From there they proceeded to Bent's Fort in southeastern Colorado, where Whitman left Lovejoy. The Doctor reached Westport, Mo., on February 15, 1843, and Boston on March 30, after short visits in Washington, D. C., and New York.

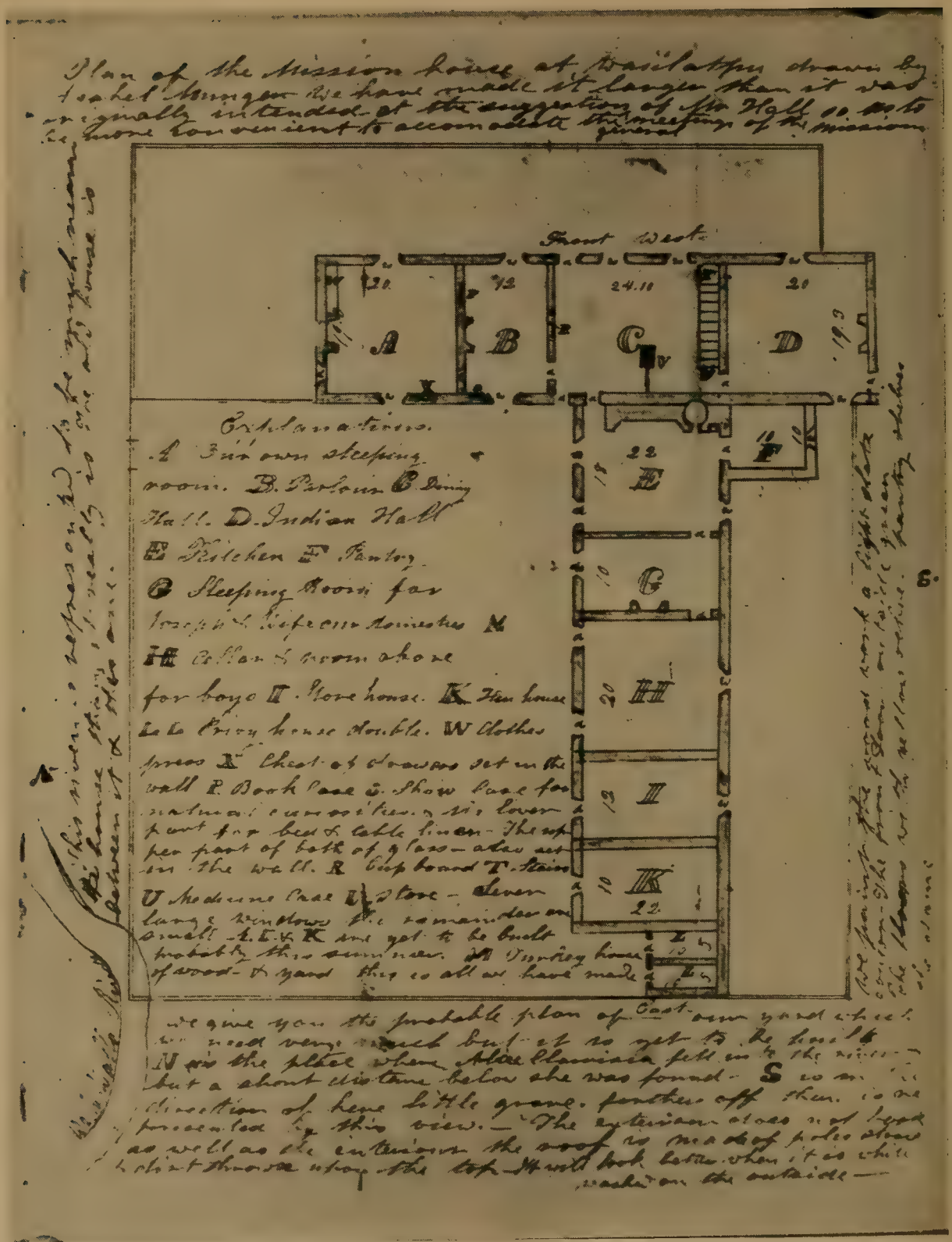
According to a letter of Dr. Whitman, he called on Secretary of War Porter while in Washington. Judging by the contents of a bill that Whitman prepared, but which was never introduced in Congress, he urged upon the Secretary the necessity for the Government to establish a chain of forts along the Oregon Trail, and suggested the establishment of a pony express along this route, some 17 years before the famed Pony Express became a reality.

The American Board, after hearing Whitman's evidence, canceled its order for the dismissal of Spalding and the closing of Waiilatpu and Lapwai. His business accomplished, Whitman was anxious to get back to his wife and mission. After spending a brief time with relatives, he headed for St. Louis, arriving there early in May with his 13-year-old nephew, Perrin Whitman.

The Immigration of 1843

SOME 1,000 immigrants had assembled near Independence, Mo., to take part in what was then the largest group to attempt the trip to Oregon. Some were dubious as to the feasibility of taking wagons all the way to the Columbia. Whitman, who had decided to join them, assured them that they could. On May 22 the trek began, with the long line of Conestoga wagons, horses, and cattle stretching into the distance. At first, the high spirits of the party were reflected in their frequent singing, joking, and laughter. But, after weeks of travel, even the young were quiet and subdued. Twelve to 15 miles was a good day's journey. Often progress was much slower. Many, wanting to stop and rest, were urged by Whitman to go on. He was praised, not only for his services as a guide but also for the time he spent ministering to the sick, often at night after the fatigue of a hard day's march.

The first printing press in the Northwest, used to print books at Lapwai Mission for the Indians at Waiilatpu.
{Courtesy of the Oregon Historical Society.}



Narcissa Whitman sent this proposed plan of the Mission House to her mother in 1840. Actually, the plan was not followed in all details. *{Courtesy of the Whitman College Museum.}*

At Fort Hall, near the present Pocatello, Idaho, a situation arose which might have been unfortunate. The immigrants were advised by the Hudson's Bay Company there to leave their wagons and cattle at the fort and complete the journey on horseback, as the 1842 immigrants had done. This astonished Whitman, for, in 1836, he had taken a wagon more than 250 miles farther west. Furthermore, he had first-hand knowledge of the wagons that reached the Columbia in 1840. After assembling a group of immigrants, he assured them that wagons could reach the Columbia.

Thus it was that Whitman was employed to guide the train from Fort Hall to the Grande Ronde Valley, just east of Waiilatpu. At the Grande Ronde, he received a message from the Spaldings, who were seriously ill with scarlet fever, asking him to attend. Feeling the urgency of the message, he placed the immigrants in charge of a faithful Indian, named Stikus, who guided them over the Blue Mountains and into the Columbia River Valley. Part of the train reached Waiilatpu during early October while Whitman was away. A Mr. Geiger, who was in charge there (Mrs. Whitman was also absent), supplied the weary travelers with fresh vegetables and other provisions until the food stores were nearly exhausted. Some of the immigrants objected because of the high prices. Others broke into Whitman's house and stole his supplies.

The significance of the 1843 immigration can hardly be overestimated in its effect on retaining the Oregon country for the United States. Although Whitman had not been responsible for its organization, he can be given much of the credit for bringing the immigrants safely to their destination.

With the advent of the 1843 immigration, a new era dawned in Oregon. Opened to wagon traffic on a large scale, home seekers poured into the country in ever-increasing numbers. As the tide of immigration increased, however, that passing Waiilatpu ebbed. Ever seeking shorter routes, immigrants after 1844 were attracted by new trails farther to the south that bypassed Whitman's station. Nevertheless, some found Waiilatpu a supply station worthy of a detour to replenish exhausted supplies. The sick also could get medical attention, and the needy could find work that would carry them through the winter. Although the population of the mission community fluctuated with the arrival and departure of such temporary residents, its permanent personnel increased.

Growth of the Mission

Waiilatpu had grown much since Whitman had completed his house. By 1842 Gray had built a house about 400 feet due east of the main mission house. His departure from the mission that year had left the building open for the use of immigrants. Soon it came to be called the "Emigrant House." Between it and the mission house a blacksmith shop had been built as early as 1842. Here wagons could be repaired and oxen and horses shod. South of the blacksmith shop three mills had been successively built, each one larger than its predecessor, to meet the demand for flour. Whitman built the last of these largely through his own labor; and extensive earthen dikes were constructed for the millpond.

Between the mill and the blacksmith shop there was a large circular corral. It was the custom in the region to use such corrals, in place of barns, for quartering stock. Southwest of the main mission house was an orchard containing apple and peach trees. From the northwest corner of the millpond an irrigation ditch, almost 10 feet wide, made its way north of the "Emigrant House" and the "Mission House" to the fields to the west. This was the main artery to a system of moats, or ditches, which had been dug around the fields to serve as fences. With the help of some of the immigrants, rail fences were built after 1843; and a sawmill was consructed about 20 miles away on Mill Creek in the Blue Mountains. Whitman soon had 40,000 feet of cut lumber on hand, ready to replace the unsatisfactory dirt roofs with boards, and for other needed construction.

The Massacre

As we have seen, relations with the Indians became less peaceful after 1840. The Cayuse, wanting pay for their timber and land, also found the customs of the whites irritating. The Whitmans, with their strict religious code, demanded what was to the Indian

The great grave in which the victims of the massacre were interred for the third time in 1897.

National Park Service archeologists excavating the site of the grist mill in 1947.

an unreasonable standard of conduct. For instance, no one was to have more than one wife, which was contrary to the customs of the wealthier Indians. Too, men were required to perform at least an equivalent amount of work to that done by their wives. Chief Tiloukait at one time had remonstrated with Whitman for allowing Mrs. Whitman to ride behind him on horseback. His statement: "Why do you make so much of her for" illustrated the subordinate place of the Indian woman in the red man's eyes.

Other points of difference were more serious. Tribal customs decreed that a murderer should pay money or property to his victim's relatives. Otherwise, someone of equal rank among the murderer's people was marked for death. Thus, after Elijah, the son of the Walla Walla chief, Peupeumoxmox, was treacherously murdered in 1844 by a white at Sutter's Fort, Calif., the Indians long debated killing Whitman, Spalding, or one of the other missionaries in retaliation.

It seemed by 1846 that many of the apparent causes for friction had been overcome. Whitman had given the Indians until the spring of that year to make up their minds as to whether or not Mrs. Whitman and he should leave. Gaining an expression of confidence from them, he continued with his work. That September he was able to write: "I think we have had at no time been as much in the affections of the people as now. A much kinder disposition is manifested toward, us, now more than at any former period—exhibiting the feeling that they could not do without us. No abatement is seen in attention upon religious instruction and more consistent views of religion are manifested."

Throughout most of 1847 there was apparently little change. In November of that year the mission community numbered 74 persons, aside from the Indians of the vicinity. Of those at Waiilatpu, 50 were immigrants, most of whom had arrived in the 1847 immigration.

The severe winter of 1846–47 had resulted in the loss of many of the Indians' horses, rousing their discontent. The 1847 immigration had also brought with it a particularly virulent form of measles and dysentery, which swept in epidemic form over most of Oregon. It was not long before the mission was affected; and whites and Indians alike were stricken. The Indians had little resistance to these new diseases brought by the white man. Some estimate that half of the Cayuse Tribe died in the epidemic. Their habit of taking hot steam baths and then of jumping into the cold river probably killed many who might have survived otherwise.

Dr. Whitman did his best to minister to the sick. The Indians, however, could not comprehend why he was able to cure so many of his white patients, while his Indian patients usually died. Grave suspicions were aroused. These were fed by treacherous statements of the half-breed Joe Lewis that Dr. Whitman was poisoning the Indians in order that he might have their lands. To the Indians, Whitman was a "tewat," or medicine man. To cure a person poisoned by a "tewat" it was necessary to kill the "tewat."

Thus, like a bolt of lightning, tragic death struck Waiilatpu on November 29, 1847. On the fateful afternoon of that day more Indians than usual came about the mission. Unsuspecting, the whites continued their everyday activities.

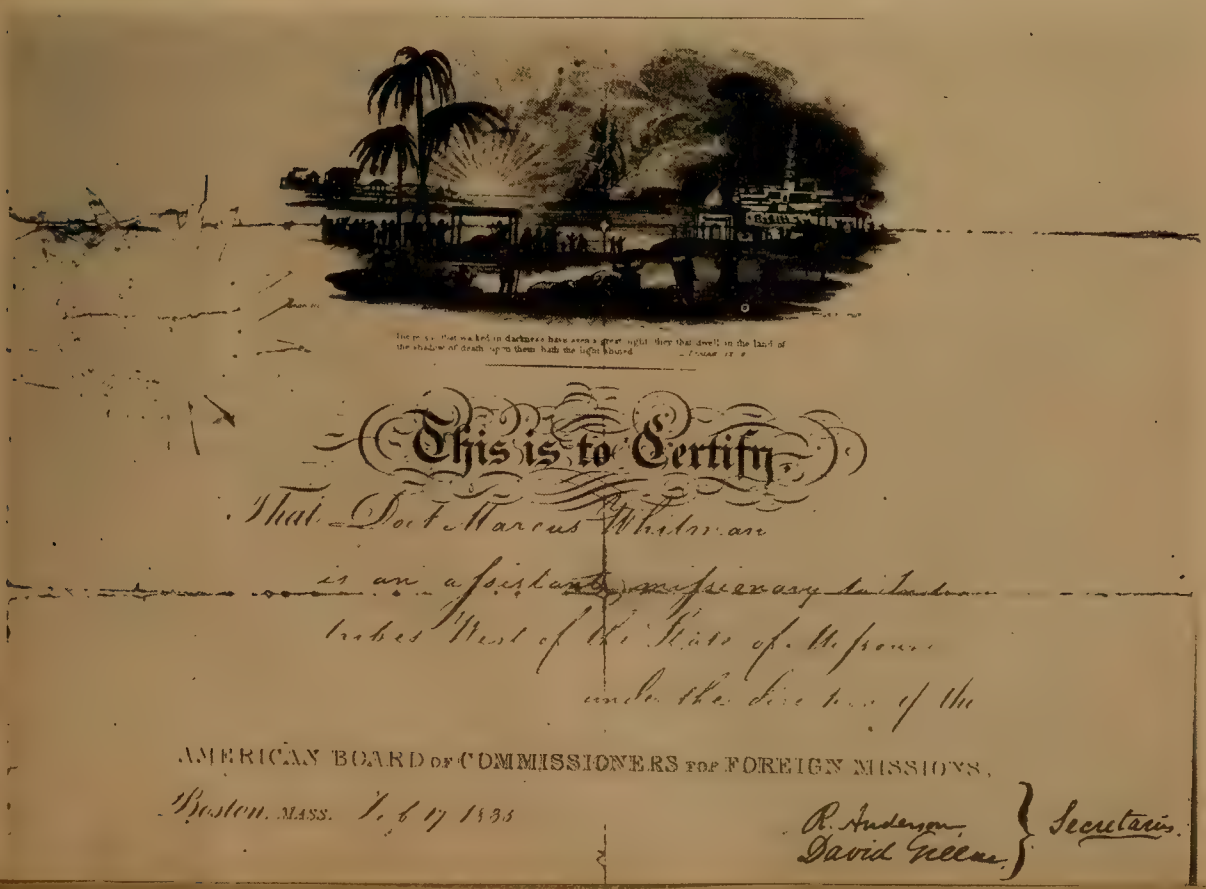
About 2 o'clock two Indians came to the kitchen to ask for medicine. As Dr. Whitman talked with them, one of them apparently engaged his attention while the other crept behind him and struck him with a tomahawk. A volley of shots rang out; and John Sager, who had been winding a ball of string near the doorway, was killed as he attempted to reach for a weapon. The shots were a signal for a general attack. Kimball and Rodgers, both wounded, managed to get into the mission house. Hoffman, the only one to put up much resistance, backed into a corner, and defended himself with an axe. Several Indians surrounded him, wielding tomahawks. Finally, two Indians rode up and overreached him with long-handled tomahawks, cutting him down. Saunders tried to reach his family in the "Emigrant House" but was killed as he was climbing a fence. Before long, after killing Gillen and Marsh, the Indians broke into the mission house, where they shot Mrs. Whitman, Rodgers, and Francis Sager. Later, Kimball, wounded and hiding in the house, was killed when he attempted to go to the river for water. He had wrapped himself in a blanket, hoping to pass for an Indian, but was recognized and shot.

At the sawmill only one man was killed. This was James Young, who met his death while bringing a wagon load of lumber to the mission. The lives of the other men at the sawmill were spared, on condition that they would operate the grist mill and furnish the Indians with flour. The remaining survivors, mostly women and children, were herded into the "Emigrant House," where they were held nearly a month. During that time the Indians looted the buildings and had an almost continual feast on the supplies which the Whitmans had accumulated so laboriously for the winter. The white women, treated as slaves, were forced to cook for the Indians and to sew shirts, which the Indians highly prized.

It should be noted that the treacherous attack was carried out by a minority of the Indians near Waiilatpu and that no Christian Indians were involved. In all, there were 14 victims of the massacre. Of this number, Mrs. Whitman was the only woman. Sales and Bewley, sick in bed at the time of the massacre, were killed 8 days later. Several persons escaped. Hall, running to some willows which lined the stream, hid when the shooting started, and later managed to reach Fort Walla Walla. From there he tried to reach the Willamette Valley by boat but is said to have drowned when crossing the Columbia River at the upper cascades. Canfield secreted himself in the loft of the "Emigrant House" and escaped at night, making the 125 miles to Lapwai on foot to warn Mrs. Spalding. Spalding, en route to Waiilatpu at the time of the massacre, had already been warned by a Catholic priest.

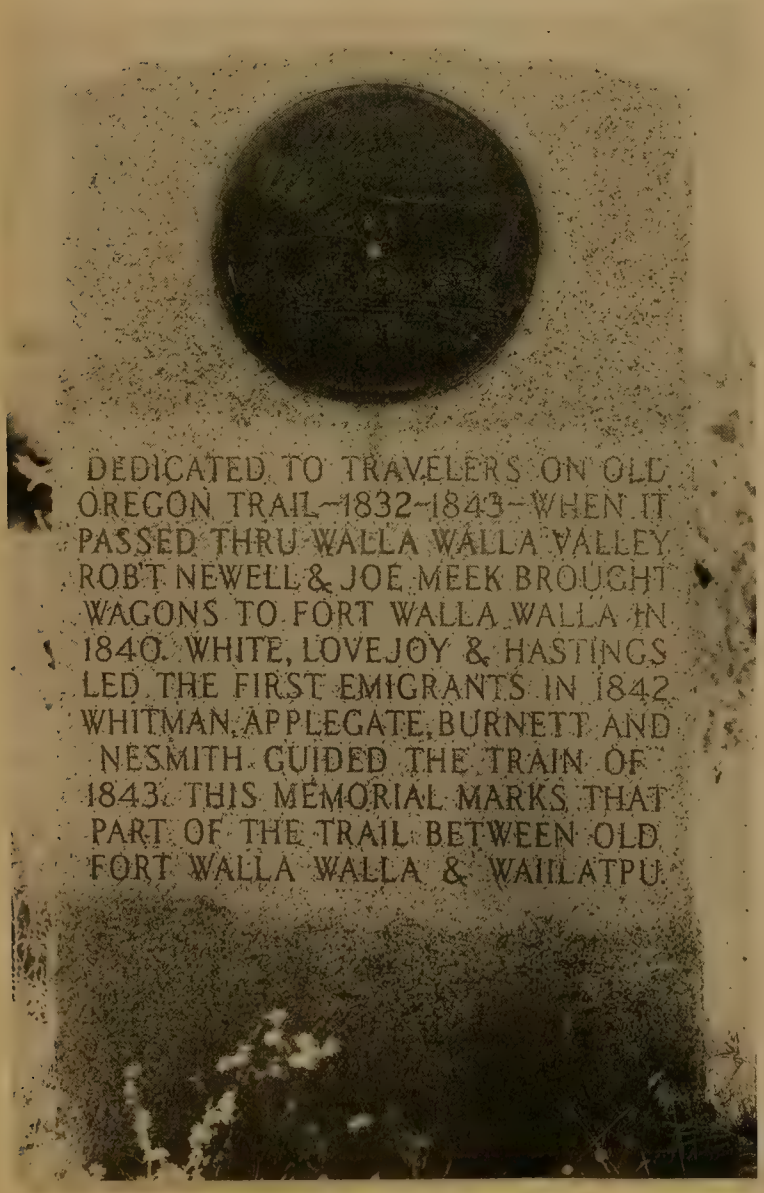
Father Brouillet, a French priest, and his interpreter stumbled onto the scene of the massacre a few days later. The priest, horrified at what he saw, felt it his duty to bury the victims. Helped by the interpreter and Joe Stanfield, whose life had been spared because he was French, Father Brouillet dug a shallow grave

Certificate granted to Whitman in 1835 by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. ***{Courtesy of the Whitman College Museum.}***



in which he interred the bodies. Not long after, word of the massacre reached the outside world; and Peter Skene Ogden, then chief factor at Fort Vancouver, was sent with $400 worth of trade goods to rescue the captives. Successful in his negotiations with the Indians, he reached Fort Walla Walla on December 29 with 6 men, 8 women, and 37 children who were at Waiilatpu at the time of the massacre. Two young girls, Hannah Sager and Helen Meek, had died while in captivity.

At the settlements in the Willamette, the sad news of the massacre was received with dismay. A messenger, in the person of Joe Meek, was dispatched to Washington, D. C., with news of the tragedy and a request for aid. Volunteers were enlisted and equipped to punish the guilty tribe and capture the murderers. At the scene of the tragedy they found buildings and orchards destroyed. The remains of the massacre victims, hastily buried under the direction of Father Brouillet, had been scattered over the prairie by wolves. These were reburied.



Oregon Trail marker near the site of the Whitman Mission.

The military operations of the Oregon Volunteers failed to subdue the Cayuse, but in 1850 five Indians that had participated in the massacre were surrendered by the tribe. The accused were taken to Oregon City, Oreg., where, after a speedy trial, they were condemned and hanged. By this time, Joe Meek had returned from Washington, D. C., and acted as executioner. Meanwhile, in the fall of 1848, the Oregon bill, long before Congress in one form or another, had become law. Oregon was now the Oregon Territory. Undoubtedly, the massacre had served to speed the enactment of this legislation.

An Estimate of Whitman

ESTIMATES of Whitman's services to Oregon vary widely. The myth that he "saved Oregon" has been exploded, and historians generally agree that his labors did not alter the eventual political destiny of Oregon. We know he was interested in the aspects of its political destiny, from religious if not from purely patriotic motives. From his letters we learn that he regarded American occupation of the region as essential to the success of the Protestant missions. He wanted good pious men to come there as he believed this would aid in making his mission successful.

Whitman himself had written regarding the immigration of 1843: "Upon that event the present acquired rights of the United States hung." The bringing of white women and the taking of wagons overland seem insignificant when judged by modern standards. In the age when the events occurred, however, the first American women to go overland to Oregon set an important precedent. The bringing of the wagons of the immigrants of 1843 westward from Fort Hall to the Columbia River Valley, although not the first, proved the practicability of taking wagons to Oregon at a time when Hudson's Bay Company traders advised against this and when English papers could be quoted as follows: "However the political question between England and America as to the owners of Oregon, may be decided, Oregon will never be colonized overland from the eastern states . . .". In the history of Whitman National Monument, therefore, Whitman's achievements in these respects deserve recognition as marking important precedents for the subsequent history of the Oregon Trail on which Waiilatpu was an important station.

The Mission Site Today

THE MISSION site remains much as it was 100 years ago, its pastoral simplicity keeping in spirit the atmosphere of historical agricultural activity. The river has changed its course, and runs in a new channel about one-fourth of a mile to the south. Near the old channel, archeologists have located the site of the first house (built in 1836), the main mission house, the "Emigrant House," the blacksmith shop, and the grist mill. Eventually, these sites will be excavated fully to gain information as to their dimensions and structural details. It is planned to preserve and mark what is left of the foundations; and an appropriate museum nearby will help to interpret the story of Waiilatpu.

Other points of interest are the great grave or marble vault where the massacre victims are buried, and the monument on the hill. These, constructed and dedicated in 1897 by local citizens during the fiftieth anniversary of the massacre, are imposing landmarks. The remains of the victims were transferred at that time to the marble vault from the old wagon box in which they had been buried.

Some 45 acres of the mission site were established as a national monument by Congressional action in 1936, in response to the efforts of the Whitman Centennial Incorporated to commemorate the scene of Whitman's endeavors. Preserved for posterity, it will remain as evidence that pioneer hands here carved a home in the wilderness.

The Whitman National Monument is closely allied to other important sites along the Oregon Trail. Of these, Scotts Bluff National Monument, in western Nebraska, and Fort Laramie National Monument, in eastern Wyoming, are under the administration of the National Park Service.

HOW TO REACH THE MONUMENT

WHITMAN NATIONAL MONUMENT is located 6 miles west of Walla Walla and 3 miles west of College Place, Wash. It can be reached directly by county road from these communities and by a connecting road from U. S. Highway No. 410, which is three-fourths of a mile north of the monument. Rail, bus, and airline facilities are available at Walla Walla.

Public Service and Facilities to Visitors

VISITORS to Whitman National Monument will wish to visit the sites of the mission buildings, the great grave, and the monument on the hill. Exhibits, consisting largely of artifacts found during archeological excavations, are on display in the temporary laboratory building at the mission site. Guide service is available daily throughout the summer season from 8 a. m. to 4:30 p. m., and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons during the remainder of the year. Picnic, restaurant, and housing facilities may be had in Walla Walla and nearby towns. It is possible to visit the monument throughout the year.

Administration

WHITMAN NATIONAL MONUMENT is a part of the National Park System, owned by the people of the United States and administered for them by the National Park Service of the United States Department of the Interior. It is under the immediate supervision of a custodian. For additional information address: The Custodian, Whitman National Monument, Walla Walla, Wash.

The monument erected in 1897 to commemorate the Whitmans.

WHITMAN NATIONAL MONUMENT

WASHINGTON

VICINITY MAP

LEGEND

1. Site of Mission House
2. Site of Blacksmith Shop
3. Site of Emigrant House
4. Site of Grist Mill
5. Site of First House and Orchard
6. Millpond Dikes
7. Irrigation Ditch
8. Old River Channel
9. Whitman Memorial Monument
10. Great Grave
11. Site of Old Corral

0 75 150 300 Feet
Scale

Drawn by R. M. Montesano July 1947 N.M.-Whi. 7001

758047 U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE